

Vol. 33-41, No. 5

MARCH, 1930

# The Improvement Era

Combined with the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL



GENERAL PRESIDENCY OF THE L. D. S. RELIEF SOCIETY

His Father's House  
Hints on Making the Best of Life  
Champion Mormon Utes

WALLACE E. TORONTO

◆ "THE ERA IN EVERY HOME" ◆

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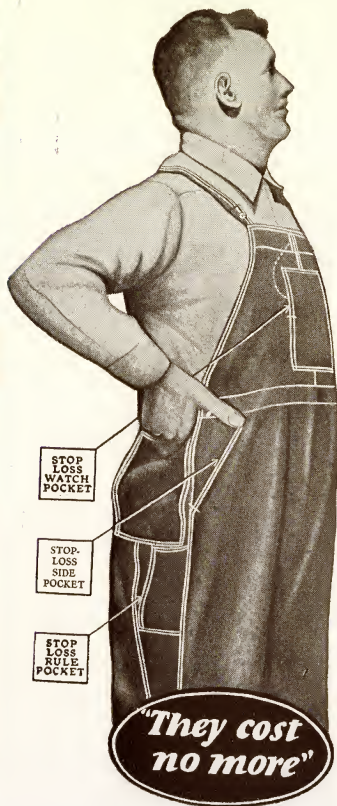
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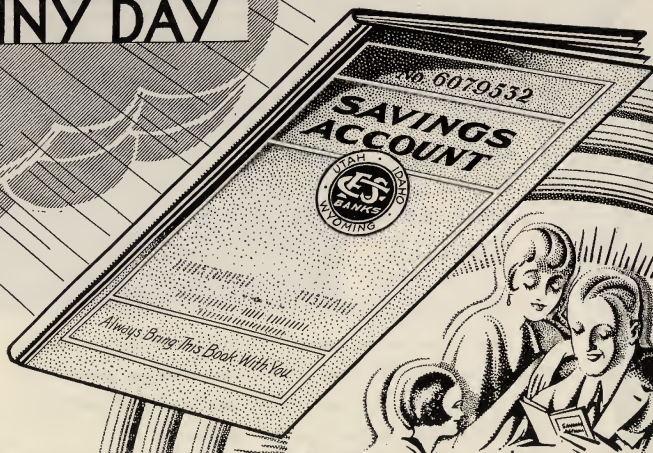
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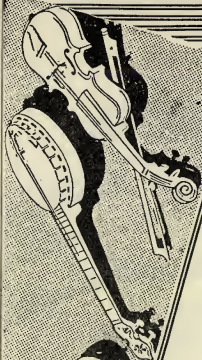
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## FORECAST

Of the many literary gems given to this community by Orson F. Whitney of the Quorum of Twelve, nothing better has been written, we believe, than his dramatic poem "The Lifted Ensign, a Call to Israel." It was composed especially for the Centenary Celebration of the Church and is a fitting prelude to the articles, which will be commenced in the April number of the *Era* and be continued in May, on the achievements of this organization. In this composition the poet speaks in exalted language, but a language which can be understood by all who have a true conception of this latter-day work.

"Priesthood as the Supreme Religious Differential," by Rudger Clawson, president of the Quorum of Twelve, is a thoughtful article which presents a view of this important subject not usually taken by our people or by the world.

Others of the general authorities of the Church will contribute articles to the April and May issues, which will make of these numbers as valuable an exposition of Church achievements as can be had in the space at our command. This is in fulfillment of the promise made in the February Forecast.

An important article, not heretofore promised, will be presented under the title of "Economic Aspect of L. D. S. Achievements." It is from the pen of Stephen L. Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve and describes the reason why the Church has engaged in business and gives an answer to the criticism which has developed out of this situation. Why has "Holiness to the Lord" been inscribed over the doors of business institutions? The impelling motive behind the activities of the Church along industrial and business lines is clearly, though briefly, defined.

The interesting series "From the Green Mountains to the Rockies" will be resumed. This account, illustrated with original photographs and describing scenes and events dear to the hearts of this people, will prove a valuable addition to our Church literature.

## The Improvement Era

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**Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints**

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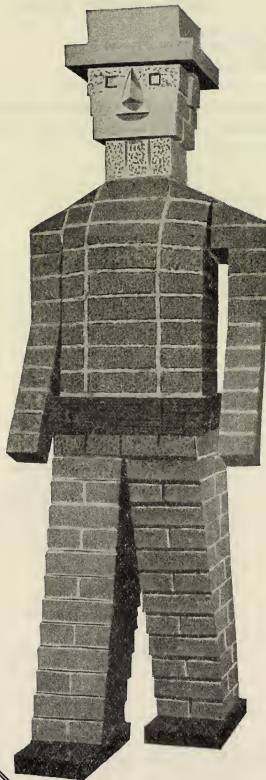
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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103. Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

Manuscripts submitted without the statement, "At usual rates," are considered free contributions. Photographs, unless their return is especially requested, will be destroyed.

Published monthly at Salt Lake City by the M. I. A. General Boards; \$2 per annum. Address: Room 406 Church Office Building.

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# EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon  
Managing Editor

Heber J. Cannon  
Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley  
Associate Editor

## The Sweetness of Service

By HUGH J. CANNON

A FORMER president of the Netherlands mission tells of an interesting conversation in which he once engaged with a gentleman who had on several occasions visited Utah. The traveler said: "I have been around the world, become acquainted with almost every country on the globe, and have found but one place where I could not persuade people to take my money. That was on the Temple Block in Salt Lake City."

The gentleman described a situation which is typically "Mormon." Gratuitous service is so commonplace among the people of this community that they are surprised if their actions in this respect cause others to wonder.

The spirit of unselfish giving of one's means and one's self is a fundamental part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This was true during the mortal life of the Master; it is not less true today. The best service of which men and women are capable is priceless. It can neither be bought nor sold, and loses its greatest value if it is made an object of barter.

Among the Latter-day Saints, young boys and girls are taught to participate with their parents in fasting one day each month and to donate to the proper authority the amount saved that the wants of the poor may thereby be supplied. They are taught to pay tithing that the work of the Lord may be carried forward. They give of their earnings to the building of temples, ward chapels, and stake houses and contribute to the missionary cause. They devote hours of time in preparing plans and discharging the duties of officers and teachers in Church auxiliary organizations and in Priesthood quorums. This is all done voluntarily.

While the elder who goes out into the world to represent the Church is willing to accept assistance from those who desire to give it, he expects and is prepared to pay his own way. During the course of his mission he gives away tracts and books to the value of many dollars, besides paying his traveling and other expenses, and receives nothing of this world's goods for his time.

The Relief Society organization, which celebrates its eighty-eighth anniversary March 17th, exemplifies this spirit. In Australia a family of faithful Church members testify that they, as afflicted strangers in Utah, were led to the truth through the kindness of some humble workers in this organization, and many such cases might be cited.

Musicians in the Church also offer a praiseworthy example of unselfishness. Often, to the detriment of their personal interests, they respond to invitations to sing or play at special services, funerals, missionary farewells, etc.

Dr. Alfred Kerr, a prominent German editorial writer, visited the United States two or three years ago, and spent some little time in Utah and the surrounding country, studying the "Mormon" system. Upon his return to Berlin he wrote and published a book under the title of *Yankee Land*. He devotes considerable space therein to the current saying, "Live and let live," which prevails in his native land and is indeed, almost universal, and compares it with the "Mormon" idea, defined by him as "Live and help live."

Of course one must not infer that members of this Church are alone in devoting time, thought and money to the needs of their fellowmen. The spirit of brotherhood and helpfulness is gripping the hearts of men and women throughout all civilized nations, and efforts of big hearted souls to bring about this desirable result are proving contagious.

The Boy Scouts with their daily good turn are playing an important part in the development of world brotherhood. Every right-thinking man heartily approves of that movement, and the Latter-day Saints see in it inspiration from on high.

Our Bee-Hive girls have constantly before them the "Spirit of the hive." One clause in it is "Taste the sweetness of service." The sweetest and most inspiring life of which we have any record, though it ended on Calvary, is the one in which the most service was given.

An outstanding thought in "Mormonism" is that man cannot be saved alone. Would not heaven, with all its pictured glories, be a never-ending torment without our loved ones? And to be worthy of heaven, must we not have a sincere love for all mankind and desire that they, too, shall be saved? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Nothing stands out more clearly today than our dependence upon others—socially, industrially, spiritually. It is the difference between civilization and savagery; it is the difference between salvation and damnation. Shall we merely let people live, now and hereafter, or shall we help them to live?

# The Slogan

*"We Stand for the Preservation of Our Heritage through Obedience to Law"*

By ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

A HERITAGE, the dictionary tells us, is *that which passes from heir to heir; hence the lot, condition or status into which one is born*. The heritage of different people will vary as widely as people themselves vary, and the valued heritage of some be regarded as valueless by others. Estates, money, titles—these are considered to be life's greatest gifts by some, and, threatened as they are by changing money markets and shifting conditions of power, their preservation becomes an obsession, which takes no account of happiness or human kindness. Houses may burn down, wealth disappear as the dew before the sun, titles become meaningless! If these things constitute one's heritage, its preservation is largely a matter of fortune's favor, and not the result of seeds of faith and determination planted and cultivated by each succeeding generation.

To some in America, their heritage is a land in which freedom of conscience is a right; to others, the scientific knowledge which points the way to health and wealth; many, who perhaps have lived in another land under rigid military discipline, regard the political privileges of our republic, the principles of democracy, as paramount; art-lovers may consider the expanded opportunities for knowing and understanding masterpieces of music, literature and painting the blessing they wish to preserve. Discovery and invention have made such amazing progress that to the literal-mind-made methods of communication, transportation, lighting, heating, etc., have come as boons unsurpassed.

To the Latter-day Saints all these things are an important part of the business of living in this world and age, but distinctly subordinate to the greater one which has come down to us. Our heritage is incorruptible, unchangeable; one which the elements of nature cannot destroy, save it be the unworthy elements of our own natures, above which we have not risen. It is ours to preserve, and ours is the obligation to preserve it.

Simple as it is to give to the word heritage high-sounding synonyms and illustrate their meaning with broad and magnificent generalities, the matter of actually taking hold of the thought firmly enough to clothe it with sufficient meaning to cover its many phases, is difficult. What, exactly, is the gift which has been handed down through generations of members of the Church? Many separate gifts there are—a sacred record of a decadent people; new light shed upon old problems; restored authority; the realization of life's meaning and purposes. Which of these is the heritage we so ardently desire to preserve. Not any of them alone, but the soul of them all—the ability to believe implicitly the teachings of which our parents and theirs were so sure.

There is no reason for giving up a belief except the substitution of a better one, and the proof that a new one is better should be presented by an unquestionable authority in his line. We believed that candles were

the best source of light until the kerosene lamp idea was proven superior, which in turn was supplanted by the electrical magic of Edison. Horse-drawn vehicles were most excellent until wizards, working wonders with steam and gasoline, weakened our trust in horse-power.

The great inventions which have so revolutionized civilization are based on natural law, and only through obedience to the law which controls each can it be made effective. Our use of these things is dependent upon our obedience to governing laws—pushing a button, plugging in a switch, shifting a gear, turning a crank. In every situation of life, we are confronted with law. Along this line Dr. Frank Crane has written:

*I am Law.*

*I am nature's way; I am God's way.*

By me comes order, unity. In my hand I hold three gifts: health, happiness and success. Those who do not follow me are devoured by the dogs of disease, misery and failure. The ignorant fear me, they run from my face, they tremble at my voice; but the wise love me and seek me forever. \* \* \* Fools think to outwit me, and that no son of man has ever done. I am more clever than the cleverest. I am stronger than the strongest. I am as old as God.

I never sleep; I never err. I am virile as youth; I am accurate as mathematics; I am beautiful as poetry; I am sweet as music.

Without me there could be no art, no harmony of sound, no charm of landscape or picture, no government, no life. I am the secret of goodness. I am the horror of sin.

I am the eternal path, and beside me there is none else. Without me men wander in the labyrinth of death. Heaven is where I am. Hell is where I am not. \* \* \*

I am everywhere—in every wrinkle of the infinite waves of water, in the oak, in the brain, in nourishment, in disease, in soundness, in the lover's clasp, in the corpse, in the stars, in the storm. I whirl, I dance, I flame, I freeze, but always mathematically. For I am more intricate than calculus, more accurate than any instrument.

They that live by me find peace. They that kiss me find love. They that walk with me come at last to God.

Preservation of all that has come to us depends upon our willingness to obey the law; and "he who keeps the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land." Man is that he might have joy, and a part of our heritage lies in finding the joy for which man was created, for truly "he who obeys the law, happy is he."

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the foundation upon which our courageous and grateful forefathers built. It was given to them, through a boy prophet, by God himself, the supreme Authority, whose word is law. Our parents hearing, believed, and their belief is our birthright—the heritage for which we should fight to the death.

The centennial year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is upon us; the anniversary month close at hand; and the youth of this great Church, in sincere appreciation of their birthright and with humble realization of the obligation to pass on to future generations the glorious gift which has come out of the past, stand for the preservation of their heritage!

# THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 33-41

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## His Father's House

By LEWIS J. WALLACE

FRED Warfield stood at the window of the small, plainly furnished room looking out into the rain. It was a dismal day. Just another of the many dreary ones that had followed one another endlessly during the past month. There had been but once in all those four weeks when the sun had managed an appearance; and then, as if ashamed to linger, and after but a moment's reflection, it disappeared.

He turned to his companion, who sat reading in a nearby chair. "Bert, I've been thinking pretty hard lately, and I'm about at the end of my rope. Everything seems to have gone wrong with me here; everywhere, for that matter. Not that I mind that so much—when I came away on my mission I expected it. But—" he paused.

ROBERT was the younger of the two. He had had far less experience than Fred, but he was wise enough to have been aware that a heavy burden had been weighing heavily on his friend for days. "I have felt that you were quite upset over something, old man," said Robert. "but didn't say anything because I knew you would tell me about it if you wanted me to know. I have wished I could help you, though. What's the trouble?"

"It's about Mother, mostly. You remember that letter I got from home this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was from Mother. She's been having an awfully hard time, I guess. You know Father died several years ago, and Mother and I have been trying since then to live decently on her small in-

come. She insisted that I remain in school. And then nothing would do but that I fill a mission. I wanted to work and help her a while first; try to make her comfortable if I could. She wouldn't listen. And here I am."

"But your mission is almost finished, Fred," interrupted Robert.

"Six months more," replied Fred, in a tone indicating that six months was an eternity to him. "Six months more. It might as well be six years. When things go to smash there is no waiting six months. I simply must go home, Bert.

"HAS anything happened to your mother?" inquired Robert anxiously.

"Not exactly. But she has been ill for some time and hasn't told

me. Maity, a young neighbor girl, slipped a note in the envelope with Mother's letter when she posted it for her, telling me as much as she could. Mother has been practically starving herself to send me money, so Dr. Williams told Maity. She's too proud to accept help. The bishop offered, but knew better than to insist. Mother's queer that way." As he talked he began dressing to go out.

"You're not leaving this minute?" queried Bert, amazedly. "Where are you going in this rain?"

"I won't be gone long. I want to see the district president at once and tell him I'm leaving. He will want to get in touch with mission headquarters. And I can't 'phone him."

ROBERT jumped to his feet. "You're not going to walk to Pikesville in this storm?" he cried.

"Why not?" said Fred, calmly, as he started for the door. It was evident he was not to be dissuaded. Robert motioned for him to wait while he, too, dressed. His only comment was, "You're out of your head."

They found the district president in. "You realize, Brother Warfield," he said sympathetically, when he had been apprised of Fred's plans, "what a serious step this is?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply, "I realize only too well."

"Your mother hasn't sent for you, has she?" continued his superior.

"No. That is just the trouble. She wouldn't. Maity told me the doctor expected to have her taken



THE AUTHOR

to the hospital the day after she wrote. She needs me now and I'll have to go." He looked into the faces of his two friends for approval. Tears welled up in his eyes but were forced back.

THE district president was soft voiced, possessed an abundance of mature wisdom, and maintained a dignified, well balanced reserve, although himself little older than the two youthful missionaries before him. Genuine respect and affection for him existed wherever he was known. "Do you think your mother would want you to leave your work?" he inquired thoughtfully. Fred swallowed hard.

"That is the one thing that would make me hesitate. It would break her heart if I didn't complete my work. But," he added when he saw the hopeful glow in his friends' eyes as he made this admission, lest they persuade him to remain, "she won't mind so awfully much if she doesn't know I'm coming. When I walk into the hospital and tell her why I came she will be so glad we are together again that she may soon forget the other. I've just got to help her now. She has sacrificed everything for me for years. I haven't appreciated her half enough."

"MIGHT she not feel that a good bit of her sacrifice has been wasted if you return now, particularly when you say her heart is so set on your filling a full mission?"

"Perhaps she will," said Fred thoughtfully. Then, after several minutes of meditation, he went on, "I can make that up to her, though, somehow. Besides—" he paused, as if ashamed to speak his thought, "she will be unable to send me any money at all, now she is ill. She will need every cent she has. And I couldn't take it, knowing she needs it so."

"Aw, forget that, old man," said Robert. "We can get along on mine. You're welcome to anything I have. You know that. Our expenses won't be heavy this summer. We'll have more than enough for both of us with what Dad sends me."

"No," replied Fred, with finality, "I've got to go." Fred was looking down at the floor as he

## Awakening

By Alberta Huish Christenson

I HEAR your voice, sweet, happy-hearted spring;  
The air is all a-tremble with the song

That bursts like sunrise from your feathered flutes  
I hear you sing who have been mute so long.

I hear the song your color-trumpets fling  
Beside the pool, a joyous, glad refrain;

And new-born grasses on the hill have heard  
The song you sing in monotonies of rain.

But lo, tonight your voice, a perfumed breath,  
Stirs the scar leaves upon my heart's dead spring;

And leaves no doubt, I hear and understand  
At last the meaning of the song you sing.

spoke. He stood up, his eyes squarely meeting those of his district president. "Will you wire mission headquarters tonight?"

WHEN Fred and Robert returned to their room that evening they were exhausted. Their conversation on the return hike, when they had spoken, was monosyllabic. Neither seemed in the mood for talking now. Preoccupied, they retired early with little more than an appreciative "good-night." For hours the rain poured down, beating its monotonous rhythm on the roof overhead. When morning came there was no sign of intermission.

Fred was the first to awaken. Despite the still-continuing deluge and the depressing atmosphere his face was radiantly cheerful, all vestige of worry and trouble seemingly erased by the night's rest. In high spirits he bounded across the room, landing on Bert's bed in a single jump. Bert had been aroused at the first sound of Fred's stirring and with grinning face prepared for the rush. The fight was on. Bert didn't have time to ask the question that was uppermost in his mind; he was glad of the change that had come over Fred, and was content to say nothing. In fact, he could not have said anything had he wanted to. In short order Fred had him pinned to the floor, shoulders down, with a pillow pressed smothering-

ly in his face. When he gave recognition of defeat by ceasing to struggle Fred sprang to his feet, assumed a dramatic pose in the center of the floor and haughtily commanded, "Up, varlet. Bestir thy lazy bones and show signs of life. Make haste to provide suitable attire for thyself and master. We must to foot, at once."

"Aw, go jump in the lake," said Bert good-naturedly. "I suppose you are planning another fifteen mile waddle-and-squash tour this morning."

"Exactly," replied Fred enthusiastically, now in the act of dressing. "And if you don't hurry we won't get there in time."

"What?" cried Robert incredulously. "Get where?"

"Back we go to the D. P.," said Fred.

"Now I know you're out of your head. What's the idea?" he inquired dubiously, at the same time showing his happiness at Fred's exuberance.

"Never mind asking questions. I'll tell you on the way. We'll have plenty of time to talk then." Fred had completed his toilet and now eyed his companion's dilatory movements with mock impatience, although obviously anxious to be on his way. "If you don't snap out of it," he remarked dryly, "we'll never get there."

WHEN at last they had sallied forth into the storm Fred began relating the occurrence which had prompted his sudden change of heart and the return trip to the district president. Hesitant at first, as though finding it difficult to know where to begin, he soon plunged headlong into his story to comply with the persistent demands of his comrade. Robert was all but bursting with mixed curiosity and thankfulness. He had been fearfully perturbed over Fred's decision of the previous day to resign his mission. Now he was happily amazed, and, as he told Fred, "all ears."

"Last night," began Fred, "I had a most unusual dream. How long it lasted I do not know. It seemed an age. And now that I recollect, it is difficult to believe the night was long enough. I'll try to tell it briefly.

"The time was long ago; the place indefinite; the setting an ancient kingdom or empire. A mag-

nificent metropolis was the first scene. The people were dressed in a garb with which I am not familiar. As I looked closer, I realized that they were excited about something. The whole place was agog with news that a messenger had arrived from the eastern border in great haste to reach the palace and see the King. He was injured and exhausted, his horse terribly spent.

"PROMPTLY the messenger had been admitted to the private chambers of the King and his trust discharged. This done, he collapsed. Within the hour he was dead. The King first directed that a state burial be arranged for his trusted servant, and then began issuing orders to his attendants who hurried off on their several appointments. Others were called. They came, consulted, left. And still others. The King was obviously alarmed by the report.

"Word went out to summon the prince. He came, the youngest of the royal children. Handsome, clear-eyed, strong; he saluted his father respectfully. 'My son,' said the King, after embracing him, 'we are beset by our enemies. The province to the east is being overrun by foreign emissaries seeking to incite the people to revolution. You are young I know, but your brothers are all busily engaged defending other frontiers. I must remain here to direct our armies on all sides and conduct the defense of the central province. I can not leave. May I call on you?'

"Sir, you are aware of the impatience with which I have until now remained home,' responded the prince. 'My pleadings to be allowed to take up arms with my brothers have heretofore fallen on deaf ears. For months my sword and armor have been prepared in anticipation of this hour. I can leave at once, my father.' The King was moved by this pretty speech.

"SAID he, 'Be not disappointed with the commission I have set for you. It is one of more importance than bearing arms. My lieutenants in the east are well able to fight the outward battles, but they can not cope with the sedition and espionage that threaten to undermine the loyalty

and faith of the people. Our subjects are being persuaded that I am a tyrant King, that I am a usurper, that I am selfishly overtaxing the country, that I am weak and lack the ability to protect them. Secret agents are among the people encouraging them to rise up and bear arms for their leader, who is truly a vicious dictator, under the promise of rich spoils, vast gifts of land to be taken from the conquered nations, and other vain and misleading inducements.

"Some one must go there and protect these good people from this danger, warn them against the evil designs of the enemy and point out the true facts relative to the status of our Kingdom. Someone in whom I can repose absolute confidence must take this message. And that someone is you, my son.'

"THE prince, crestfallen, looked utterly ill. All his lifelong ambitions to be a soldier, to lead an army, to bear the scars of war with his elder brothers, realized but a moment ago in his father's suggestion of an assignment on the eastern border, were shattered. He felt like a deflated balloon must feel as it falls, punctured, from the heights. His head swam for a moment in a spell of dizziness, the reaction from the animation and enthusiasm so suddenly kindled and then so promptly quenched. True soldier at heart, however, he hastened to control his feelings and expressions lest the King see his disappointment.

"But how, sir, can I perform this task? If I take such a message to our people will they not

reject my entreaties on the ground that I am biased? Will not our enemies fall upon my back with drawn blades, glad of the opportunity to dispose of another possible leader, if I may be so presumptuous as to include myself among your valiant sons?' He said this last with a note of bitterness, well knowing that his name had not yet struck fear to the heart of an enemy. The King gave no heed to the sadness he saw in his son's face. He had expected as much, and secretly gloried in the assurance that this last of his worthy sons was equally as splendid as the others, equally as fearless and brave.

"MY son,' said the King, 'that soldier is oftentimes the greatest who has the courage to lay aside his own ambitions in the interest of the cause he has espoused, to forego the plaudits of the multitude for the simplest praise of his superior; who has the courage to assume the role of a weakling or a traitor, if need be, thereby incurring the contempt and hatred of friends and loved ones, to serve his King. Any man of good blood can face death and the enemy on the battle field. There lies honor. But few can face life and their acquaintances, branded a coward, no matter how important their commission. There lies apparent dishonor.

"At the present time the enemy within is more to be feared than the legions without. Revolution is beginning within our own house. It must be dealt an effective blow. That blow must be struck as quietly and ingeniously as is being planned the knife thrust at the heart of this Kingdom.'

"The prince began to gather the import of his father's problem, but the solution was more than nebulous to him. 'How, sir, do you propose effecting a counterplot to this treachery? What can I do against such hidden workings?'

"The King now knew he had won his son's support. He and the prince were closeted alone for hours, the one outlining his plans in the utmost of careful detail, the other listening, absorbed, engrossed, fired with a new determination to serve his father and King unquestioningly.

THE author of "His Father's House" is a young man who has not heretofore appeared in the Era. Lewis J. Wallace was born in Ogden, Utah, and received his early schooling there. After attending one of our local colleges, he went East to the George Washington University, and after graduating from its law school worked in Congressman Frank W. Mondell's law office. About a year ago he was offered and accepted an excellent position with one of the large insurance companies of the country and is now living in Hartford, Conn., where he is president of the branch of the Church, and his wife, Anna Widsoe Wallace, is in the presidency of the Relief Society.

"TO cut short my account of this dream," continued Fred, "the prince left secretly that night. No weapons, armor or other military paraphernalia were his. With him he took a small purse of money and the princess Helen, his bride of but a few hours. To meet the urgent call to duty their nuptials had been advanced on their betrothal calendar and at the same time transferred from the public to the private pages of their country's history.

"It was not many days before they arrived in the border country and, following out the King's orders, engaged humble quarters among the subjects. Their clothing was plain, their habits simple. The prince sought employment and with his bride settled down to the life of good country folk. They were unknown here and entirely upon their own resources. It was imperative that no suspicion be attached to them. They could not, therefore, run the risk of having money sent to them by the King.

"THE prince, now no more than the least of the citizenry, worked tirelessly at tasks with which he was not familiar in order to make a living, keeping his eyes and ears open and saying little. Soon he was rewarded by an invitation to attend a secret meeting. As he expected, he heard foreign agitators rail and blaspheme his father and his country, storm at what they called tyranny and plead for revolution. His mission was now taking shape. The next day he talked quietly to a few of his new-found friends, doubting a little some of the statements made at the meeting and expressing personal confidence in the present government. Other meetings were attended. More and more he questioned.

"Soon he was engaged constantly in every hour spared from his work in exhorting the people to loyalty. He was frequently taking fiery issue with the foreign agents at their meetings. He was always just a plain subject.

"HE met with growing success in rallying noble-minded subjects to his views, but not without difficulty and danger. Time and again attempts were made on his life. Frequently when

he went to far distant places to plead his cause, his wife had to be left unprotected. Twice their cottage was set ablaze by incendiaries. On no less than five occasions was the princess attacked in the streets by unknown assailants and as many times rescued by equally unknown protectors. These latter, the prince knew to be his father's trusted soldiers in disguise, for he and his bride had been promised the protection of the Kingdom at the time of leaving the palace. Naturally this protection had to come from an unorganized and unknown source. It did not, however, benefit them in their economic or other difficulties. Employers hesitated to hire him or keep him long about their premises when they learned of the storm that hovered above him. Consequently they fared poorly at their table more often than not.

"As the sphere of the prince's influence increased so was he compelled to travel more, so did his income suffer, so did the dangers to himself and the princess multiply. On many occasions the prince was sorely tempted to give up in despair. He was trying to preach loyalty to the government and faith in the King, and yet was so distracted in body and mind and so fearful for the safety of his lovely wife, for her health and comfort—in fact, for her very sustenance—that he doubted the sufficiency of his father's promise to protect her; he doubted the wisdom that had sent him on this assignment; questioned the end to be accomplished. To keep from fleeing to her side he was compelled to assume a stoical confidence and an arbitrary, unreasoning belief that no harm would befall her.

"HIS only comfort in these trying times was the recollection that he was a prince, that his father was the noblest of noble Kings; the conviction that his whole existence would not be spent amid such hopeless circumstances, that while poverty, hunger and danger stalked his footsteps and those of the princess now, a brighter future lay ahead, a heritage of royalty awaited their return.

"On he worked, pleaded, exhorted, persuaded; at the same time secretly gathering information with respect to the activities of the enemy and as secretly sending it to his father.

"One day when all seemed entirely lost, when his strength was gone and his courage exhausted, he returned from a trip abroad to find his home surrounded by a large crowd of neighbors, friends and strangers. Alarmed, he quickened his pace to learn what new trouble brewed. At his approach a mighty cheer went up. Dumbfounded, he heard his name called out and heard the people cry, 'the Prince, the Prince! All hail!' Picked up bodily by loving arms, he was borne to the door of the cottage where stood the princess Helen smiling a greeting. Beside her he saw his eldest brother, the crown prince. Nearby waited a royal carriage and a retinue of soldiers and servants to escort them to the King.

"Overjoyed, he embraced them both, and then, due to fatigue, hunger and long suffering sank at their feet. He did not hear the crown prince say, as he stooped to lift him up: 'My faithful brother, your good work here has enabled us to expose the spies and traitors in our midst and turn the tide of revolution to a surging wave of patriotism. The armies have been successful in their campaigns and are now recalled. Anxiously awaiting your return are the King and our good brothers. Now that your work is disclosed you stand foremost in the hearts of the people.'"

FRED ended his story; his emotion was manifest in his voice. Robert said nothing. They walked on in silence. During the narration they had unconsciously increased their pace until they now arrived at the quarters of the district president almost on the run. Without intending to be rude or discourteous they rushed up the steps and into his room. "Have you wired the mission president?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Will you wire him again, please?" asked Fred.

"Why, yes," said the district president, "what shall I say?"

"Say that Fred Warfield is remaining here to finish his mission; that there has been a misunderstanding; that a letter of explanation will follow." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "And please ask him to say nothing about the first wire to anyone. Mother might hear of it."

# Is Nature Kind to Man?

By DR. JOSEPH F. MERRILL

*Church Commissioner of Education*

MAN lives in a world in which he is beset on every hand with natural enemies, some assert. Do you believe that Nature is unkind to man? In any case, life is a challenge that man has successfully met, for he still lives and his power and dominion in the natural world are increasing apace. In this fact lies the basis of high compliments to his intelligence and capacity. He has grown in spite of his enemies. But has Nature provided him with no friends? Let us see.

We live in a marvelous age. Many scientific discoveries have been made. What is the greatest one of all time? If you have never tried to reply to this question you will be surprised at the simplicity of the answer, for it is only this: Natural law is universally supreme. If you examine widely and study deeply you will be profoundly impressed with the orderliness that prevails everywhere in Nature. Whether you study with a microscope in the realms of the infinitesimal or with the unaided eye in the world about you or with a giant telescope that reaches out to incomprehensible distances you find not chaos but orderliness everywhere, a fact of tremendous importance to man's welfare. His control of Nature and his utilization of her forces rest upon this basis.

TO be sure man has natural enemies—but let us hunt a little for ways in which Nature is especially kind to him. We shall not be disappointed in our search. But space will permit of a reference to a very few only.

Are not the elements tempered for his good? Sunshine and rain, day and night, summer and winter, are all necessary to his welfare. But let us be more specific. A little study of water will reveal a case in point. This liquid has some remarkable properties, all of which are serviceable to man. It exists as a solid—ice, as a liquid, and as a vapor. A moderate fall in temperature makes water freeze; and it boils, passing off as steam, with a rise in temperature that cer-

tainly is not excessive. These are facts familiar to everyone. But in these changes in state—liquid to solid, or liquid to vapor—lie tremendous "tempering" effects that ordinarily escape our attention.

IF the temperature falls sufficiently, water becomes ice. Certainly, you say, but what of it? Well, if you want to melt a block of ice you have to apply lots of heat. Now in Nature nothing is lost—certainly no heat is ever lost. When a pound of water freezes as much heat is given out as it takes to melt the pound of ice that results. So the freezing of water is in a sense a heating process. The heat given out by the freezing water slows up the freezing process and tends to prevent a further fall in temperature, a fact that is utilized in keeping fruit and vegetables in a cellar from freezing. A tub of water is placed in the cellar. So much heat is given off by the freezing water that the temperature does not fall to a point dangerous to the vegetables.

And another thing. The "latent heat of ice"—the amount of heat required to melt a unit mass of it—is very great, much greater than the latent heat of other solids. Herein lies a "tempering" capacity that is marvelous. The freezing of ponds, rivers and lakes gives out tremendous quantities of heat that are very effective in preventing bitter cold weather. Compare, for instance, the winter temperatures of North Dakota with those of Michigan in the same latitude. Michigan is surrounded on three sides by lakes and large rivers. Her winter temperatures are mild compared with those of North Dakota.

BUT let us go a little further in our study of the peculiar behavior of water. We begin the study with water at ordinary living temperature, 70 degrees, say. We begin to cool it at the surface. The temperature falls, the cold water sinks, for it contracts and gets denser. The warmer water below is forced up, for it is lighter. A circulation ensues, but does not

continue indefinitely. When water cools to 39 degrees—seven degrees above the freezing point—it has reached its greatest density. If cooled lower, or below 39 degrees, it expands. So if water in a vessel is sufficiently cooled at the top, circulation will cease when the entire volume has reached a temperature of 39 degrees. If cooling continues, expansion takes place, resulting in the coldest water staying at the top where it finally freezes. But ice is lighter than water and so floats. Furthermore, the resulting ice not only slows up the freezing by giving off heat, but also by preventing the escape of heat outward and the coming of "cold inward," due to the fact that ice is "a poor conductor of heat."

Now think through what all this means in the economy of Nature. When cooled most liquids continue to contract and on solidification the solids sink, for they are denser and therefore heavier than their liquids. If water and ice behaved thus, ponds, rivers, lakes and seas would freeze solid during winter in our northern and far southern zones, killing all aquatic life, and making navigation in these regions impossible. For no summer's sun could ever thaw out these bodies of water due to the high "latent heat" of ice and the poor heat conducting property of both ice and water.

ICE floats. This means it is lighter than water. Hence water, contrary to the behavior of many liquids, expands on freezing. And all too many cracked vessels give mute evidence of the enormous expansive force of freezing water. This fact is also of tremendous economic importance. Soils are made from the crumbling of rocks. And rocks are split and crumbled by the freezing of water in the pores and cracks.

Let us look for a moment into water in the form of vapor. Here again we see the kindness of Nature. In springtime a farmer does not expect a frost on a cloudy night. Clouds are masses of mi-

nute particles of water and water vapor floating in the air. Clouds are good absorbers of heat—"they seem to devour it." During sunshine the earth, too, absorbs heat and warms up. But at night this heat is lost—it is radiated out into space. But if there are clouds above and water vapor in the air but little heat passes through into outer space to be lost. The absorbed heat warms up the clouds and the air, preventing a freezing temperature. Thus clouds over the surface of the land, like ice over a pond of water, act like blankets in preventing a loss of heat. Manifestly, for more reasons than one, we could not live on the earth if its skies were cloudless.

FINALLY, glance a little more in review at the climatic tempering effects of water in its three forms—solid, liquid, and vapor. Freezing water is a sort of furnace that gives out heat, slowing up the freezing and a fall in temperature to bitter depths. The melting of snow and ice in the spring requires such enormous amounts of

heat that the process is relatively slow, eliminating quick run-offs and floods. It is extremely fortunate for us that the "latent heat" of ice is so high, but no more fortunate than that the "latent heat" of water vapor is also high—much greater than that for most other vapors. That is to say, to convert water into vapor requires a large amount of heat. But when the vapor (or steam) goes back—condenses—into water, all this heat is given out again. The effectiveness of steam in a heating system or in a steam-engine is very largely due to this.

So evaporation—formation of vapor or steam—is a cooling process and condensation is a heating process, just as freezing is. And if large quantities of vapor or ice are involved, these processes are very effective in their climatic tempering results. And man is the beneficiary.

This study cannot here be further pursued, but it has only been introduced. To the thoughtful reader pursuing it further will appear abundant evidence that Nature is good to man.

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## The Beauty of Bravery

By PRES. EMERITUS GEORGE H. BRIMHALL

*Of the Brigham Young University*

LINDBERGH'S wife's mother recently said: "Bravery is beautiful!" As I read the remark I thought: "If as mother, so daughter, then the 'Lone Eagle' is well-mated."

Yes, bravery is beauty, character beauty, enduring beauty, a beauty within the reach of all, a beauty that grows from within, a beauty to be brought out, a beauty that cannot be put on.

It is the ugliness of cowardice that makes it universally despised, and the beauty of bravery that makes it so admired.

The bravery that is beautiful is not the bravery of the brute with nothing but the urge of appetite or the push of passion behind it, but the bravery of a humanity that at once makes its way upward and lifts from below.

No one may hope for the physical perfection of an Apollo, or a Venus, but every one may acquire the beauty of bravery, the charm

of character courage shown by high-aim conduct.

The three word message: "Bravery is beautiful" called for reflection and reflection called for desire and desire called for resolution.

From the boundless field of bravery-beauty I present seven samples:

1. A believer in the midst of doubters.
2. A defender of the absent where gossipers gather.
3. A hard worker with opportunities for ease.
4. A mother with a babe in her arms.
5. A young person saying "no" to temptation.
6. A scientist persistently following the trail of truth.
7. A religionist keeping progressively in rapport with God.

Desiring to be of such as these I wrote in my New Year Book of Self Commandments, *Be Bravely Beautiful*.



## Batik Work

By GLENN J. BEELEY

THE word "Batik" means to *design* and comes originally from Java. The process of Batik is called resist dyeing. The method used is to paint the design upon the fabric by hand with melted wax. The material which has to be decorated is covered where the original color has to remain with a composition made with equal parts of paraffin wax and beeswax, which is absorbed by the material so that it clings to the fibres of the textile, to prevent the color from penetrating the covered parts when placed in the dye tub. When this wax is removed by ironing between paper or dipping in gasoline, it is found that the material has kept its original color while the uncovered parts have taken on the shade of the dye.

ANOTHER method of getting designs is by the use of twine and knotted cloth. The Indians, Chinese and Japanese tied pebbles into cloth and wound heavy thread below each pebble. These were dyed, and after being thoroughly dried the twine untwisted. This method is often used when several colors are required, but it is a tedious process, as the material has to be tied for the first dip and then retied for the second color after the first is dry.

A MORE modern method of Batik work is to put the design on the fabric to be decorated by the use of some of the standard fabric paints on the market. The designed part is then covered with a composition of hot wax, half paraffin and half beeswax. The whole is now dipped in some dye. The background and a few cracks running through the designed parts will thus be dyed by this last dipping. This method is very simple, but the results are very gratifying.

# Jesus as a Personage in History

By ELDER J. M. SJODAHL

SOMETIMES the question is asked whether there is any historical evidence, outside the books of the New Testament, relating to the life and activity of Jesus on this earth. Such a question might seem superfluous, but the fact is that some, who consider themselves scientifically competent, have actually denied the reality of the life of our Lord in Palestine, and asserted that the biographies of the evangelists are myths.

In a close examination of this question it is important to remember that the kingdom of Judah, at the time of the Savior, was of minor importance in the political geography of the world. Riots and executions were numerous, and the appearance on the scene of the son of a carpenter from a village in far off Galilee, and his tragic fate, did not attract general attention at first. Judea was so insignificant immediately after the Babylonian dispersion that Greek historians hardly ever heard of it. The Maccabees tried to restore it to its former importance, but what they had gained was almost entirely lost during the Roman iron rule. We cannot expect many historical references to Jesus in works from this time, except those penned by his own followers.

THERE are, however, some. Thus, in the Talmud, there are more or less mythical stories concerning Ben Stada, Ben Pandera, Pappus Ben Jehuda, Miriam M'Gadd'la, Neshaya, and Yeshu, which are by some supposed to refer to Jesus of Nazareth and some of his contemporaries. The stories may be distorted, but even so, they prove that there is an historical basis.

There is also a book Toledoth Yeshu (Biography of Jesus) which possibly was circulated among the Jews as early as the fifth century of our era, and which undoubtedly contains some items from an earlier day, but the narrative is so distorted that it is worthless for historical purposes.

JOSEPHUS is a better witness. Some have supposed that what little he says of Jesus is interpolated by early Christians, but that view is no longer generally accepted by scientific criticism. Dr. Joseph Klausner, a Jewish scholar, in his history of "Jesus of Nazareth," says on this question:

"There are not sufficient grounds for supposing the whole to be spurious. Josephus treats of the life and death of John the Baptist at fair length, and what he says does not at all correspond with the gospel account, and there is no reason, therefore, to suspect Christian copyists of interpolating this section as well, as does Graetz. According even to Shurer, 'the genuineness of this passage is only rarely open to suspicion. It is remarkable that Josephus tries his hardest to conceal from his readers that John preached the coming of the Messiah (for reasons which we have mentioned): in order to make the episode comprehensible to Greek readers he describes John the Baptist as 'a good man who commanded the Jews to exercise virtue, both as to righteousness towards one another, and piety towards God, and so come to baptism.' Even the three Jewish parties, the Sadducees, the Pharisees and the Essenes, Josephus explains in terms of philosophic schools, all with a view of making himself understood by his Gentile readers.

"And he did precisely the same with Jesus: he described him as 'a wise man' just as he described John the Baptist as 'a good man'; he described Jesus as 'a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure,' just as he described John the

Baptist as one who 'called upon the Jews to exercise virtue, etc.,' and he described Jesus as 'a doer of wonderful works' (for Josephus himself was a firm believer in miracles). He could say of Jesus that 'he drew after him many Jews and also Greeks,' because the church contained many Greeks at the time of writing, 93 C. E., and ancient historians had the habit of judging earlier conditions from later times. It was also Josephus who wrote that 'they who loved him at the first did not cease to do so even after Pilate had condemned him to crucifixion at the suggestion of the principal men among us, and that the 'race' (or tribe) of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct to this day.'"

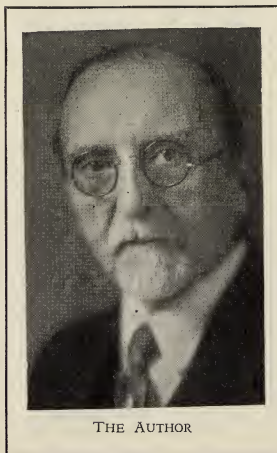
THE quotation from Josephus is as follows:

"Now there was about this time, Jesus, a wise man [if it be lawful to call him a man.] For he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. [He was the Messiah]; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first ceased not, [for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him]; and the race of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct even now."

THE words within brackets are universally admitted to be interpolations, but the other words are now ascribed to Josephus, and form a powerful testimony for the historical character of Jesus, our Lord.

In another connection, Josephus tells how Annas, the son of Annas, the high priest, brought before the Sanhedrin one by the name of James, "the brother of Jesus who was called the Messiah," and others whom he regards as law-breakers. This, however, cost the high priest his office. According to Josephus, he was deposed by Agrippa II, and another was appointed in his stead.

AMONG other witnesses for the historical existence of Jesus is Suetonius, the Roman. He relates that the Jews were expelled from Rome on account of a tumult concerning one "Chrestus." This is supposed to have happened in the year 49 A. D.



THE AUTHOR

# A Sensible Girl

By WILLY WALKER

JACK Eastman certainly could not truthfully be called a ladies' man. Nevertheless, women were his chief topic of conversation. Jack always proclaimed himself loudly as being first, last, and always for the sensible girl; and just as loudly did he proclaim his distaste for the flapper type of girl.

A sensible girl was the way he described Dorothy Winsome after he saw her for the first time come out of the door of the office opposite his and go swinging down the corridor. He based his opinion on the fact that she wore broad, low-heeled shoes, and didn't walk like a mincing doll.

IT was really the easy grace of her walk that attracted his attention in the first place and he had no idea how much the golden glint in her bright, wavy hair, the soft light in her dark eyes, and the peachiness of her creamy skin had to do with the fact that he was instantly more or less of the opinion that she was the girl for him.

Jack spent a good many of his waking hours after that in thinking about Dorothy. He developed a positively uncanny faculty for timing his goings and comings so that they might coincide with hers. One might have suspected him of lurking behind his own door, with his eye glued to the keyhole, so often did he dart out and stroll down the corridor in her wake. If Dorothy had any suspicion of the intense interest he took in her movements, she gave no evidence of it. She came and went with great serenity, looking, as far as Jack could see, neither to the right nor to the left.

FOR what seemed to Jack a very long time, the only satisfaction he got out of the situation lay in watching Dorothy's graceful glidings down the hall. It was a long while before Fate took a hand, but eventually she did come to the rescue.

Dashing back from lunch one day at his usual breakneck speed, Jack arrived at the most crowded corner in the city just in time to see a young woman, whose back had a strangely familiar look, lose her balance and plunge into the street. Jack was the first on the scene, outdistancing all comers. He quickly retrieved the young woman, half carried her across the sidewalk, and propped her against the

side of the building before he realized that it was Dorothy Winsome whom he had had the good fortune to rescue.

FORTUNATELY, she had received no personal injury, the only evidence of her mishap being a run in a very magnificent pair of silk stockings. Presently with the aid of Jack's strong right arm she was able to return to the office.

It was not until he had deposited her at her own door that he looked down and saw that she wore upon her shapely feet a pair of shoes with outrageously high heels.

"For the love of—!" he ejaculated. "It's no wonder you came near killing yourself. How on earth do you happen to be wearing those abominable shoes?"

"Abominable shoes?" repeated Dorothy indignantly. "Why, those are the very loveliest shoes you could find anywhere in the city."

"But your nice, sensible low heels?" Jack wailed. It was a test of his judgment and meant a good deal to him.

"Nice, sensible low heels?" Dorothy reiterated. "Ghastly horrors! Do you suppose I would have worn them for one minute if I hadn't had to? I sprained my ankle four months ago and just had to wear those old things. The ankle is all right now, and I'm not ever in my whole life going to put those old monstrosities on again!"

SOME months later Eastman held Dorothy's soft hand in his and slipped a very charming ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Dorothy," he said solemnly as the ring settled into its proper place, "I'm crazy about you and all that, but if a girl ever got a guy under false pretense, it was you."

"I don't care a bit," she murmured, "just so I got you!"

## More Than Bread

*D*ARK forests, spirit haunted; wide grasslands, pasturing wandering herds; feudal estates, supporting the serfs, rude huts, and the lord's gorgeous castle; walled towns, filthy, crowded, and flanked by half desolate farm patches; rich cities, showering opportunities on him whose back bends as well as on the master, surrounded by rich hinterlands which contribute to, and profit from, the city's prosperity. Our world—the gift of God and the ages! We are the heirs; life abundant is our inheritance.

*This physical world we own in common with all men; our spiritual world is ours by special right. Conscientious dissenters, sacrificing old world comforts for new world toil, cultivated ideals of manhood as they tilled their rocky Massachusetts fields. Pioneers, imbued with the spirit of progress and the spirit of God, transplanted those ideals to newer, unspoiled land. Our own fathers and mothers nurtured them through the storms of frontier life and statehood's infancy. Now, ours to defend them in a civilization whose very complexity threatens their extinction.*

*The objective world is beyond individual power of destruction. Civilization we may limit but not efface. But what of our spiritual heritage? What of our ideals of honesty, cleanliness, virtue? These we may destroy in a single lifetime, leaving nothing for our children. In the recklessness of a single hour we may lose all that is ours by virtue of generations of faith.*

*The unchanging standards which have made us a distinctive people are too dear to lay upon the altar of the pagan gods of pleasure and worldliness; too dear our inheritance, to sacrifice it by violation of the laws upon which it is based.*

Helen Hinckley.  
Mt. Ogden State Gleaner Girl.

# POETRY

## Winds

By Leone E. McCune

OH winds that blow the whole day long.

Now sad, now sweet, now gay, now strong!

I love the wind that brings the breath  
Of hyacinth and applebloom;

Of dank, fresh earth, and swelling buds  
That waft their fragrance through my room.

I love the winds that whispering pass  
O'er yonder pine-tree studded hill.  
That weep and sigh and kiss the wheel  
And echo through the lonely mill.

I love the winds that sweep the skies,  
That whip the trees and tear the sod.  
And lash the windows, wet with rain,  
Like shrieking of an angry god.

I love the winds with icy blast  
When snowy blankets wrap the earth,  
When firelight gleams in cozy rooms,  
And kettles hum upon the hearth.

I love the winds from salty seas  
That churn the ships in demon's den.  
That hurl the waves high on the shore,  
And mock and jeer at fears of men.

I love the winds at morning's dawn,  
When dainty zephyrs fluttering pass  
To sip the flow'r-cups nectar sweet,  
And strew its dewdrops on the grass.

Oh winds that blow the whole day long,  
Now sad, now sweet, now gay, now strong!

## Spring's Coming

By Harold Goff

A STRAIN of music from the mountain crest—

The wind's soft whisper and a bird a-wing;

A glow of promise in the east and west—  
Earth smiles a welcome to the newborn Spring.

## Where Angels Smile

By Harold Goff

GRAY Winter, bent with age, goes on his way;

And Spring comes tripping like a happy child;

Now tiny flowers lift their heads to say:  
"Here is a spot on which an angel smiled."

THE coming of Springtime is an experience so breath-taking as to require some form of expression more adequate than mere words. There must be the lifting joy and beauty of poetry; and some of the lovely songs of western poets seem almost too fragile to be captured by words.

The poems on this page are all of Spring. New ones there are, and old ones too, but so eternal is the spirit of the season that the songs of years gone by are quite as glad as those of this very March. If you have any doubt that Spring is on its fragrant way, read, and be convinced!

## Spring in Salt Lake Valley

By Jessie Miller Robinson

SAPPHIRE the Dead Sea as the skies;  
Over the brown, fresh-furrowed earth  
The white-winged seagull, screaming flies;  
The sego-lily wakes to beauteous birth  
The vales with blossoms girdled deep;  
Mantled with verdure are the hillsides steep.

From Ice-king's thrall the mountain rivulet

Is freed; and in the grassy fields appear  
The sweet anemone and golden violet,  
With budding oak and willow whispering near.

While meadow lark and robin sing  
The glorious coming of the spring.

## To the Wind

By Hope Spencer

O wind, thou spirit of the spring,

Thou instrument of gladness,

Art never weary of thy song?

Dost never taste of sadness?

Among the bubbles of the brook

Thou singest ever merrily.

Amid the trees of every glade

Thou fliest and ne'er steps't warily.

The clouds that sweep across high heaven

By thee are onward driven;

The perfume of a thousand flowers

Alone by thee are given.

Thou bringest no evil in thy path.

But only mirth and gladness;

Along the river bank thou breath'st—

The reeds forget their sadness.

The sunshine that with thee doth live

Colors every hour.

O, might I scatter with a heart

Like thee, one-half thy power.

No sigh nor tear, nor aching heart

Can long withstand thy spirit;

All things respond to thy faint touch

And gladness follows near it.

## Re-creation

By Lowry Nelson

I LOVE a wind in a willowy lane.

When billowy clouds

Are sowing rain;

When birds and brooks

Have come again.

And each thing

Throbs with spring.

I'm glad for these—the wind, the rain;

And lovely willows

Which line the lane;

O Maker of willows

And Maker of men,

Thanks for making

Them new again!

## Laughing Spring

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp

LAUGHING spring with airy charms.

Fairy, flower-laden arms.

Tripping o'er the verdant mead

Let me follow where you lead.

Breathing balmy blisses sweet

In each quiet, blest retreat;

Artless, winsome, gleeful, wild

Like a merry-hearted child.

Every bush and briar and glen

Vocal with your glee again.

Lark and blue-bird on the wing,

Hark! Yon balmy rapturing!

Violet-twined your wavy hair

Robes of shining green you wear—

Tripping o'er the verdant mead

Let me follow where you lead!

## March

By Ivy Williams Stone

SCURRYING snowflakes—winds scented with rain;

Rifts of gold sunshine, then raindrops again.

Home-seeking robins—a swift waterfall;

Pale, groping tulips, the sea-gull's sad call.

Each is a symbol, each plays its own part,

But all sing a chorus—Spring in man's heart!

## Spring

By Jessie M. Robinson

UTAH is now a garden

Of tender sage and budding trees.

With fragrant, golden violets

And pink anemones.

Soon in this lovely garden,

Pure sego-lilies, one by one.

Will lift their ivory chalices

In worship to the sun.

# Why Read the Bible?

By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

*President of the Liberty Stake*

OPENING a family Bible, an Indiana farmer found a \$100.00 bank note seventy-five years old and still worth its face. The editor of the paper in which this was announced comments as follows: "Thus encouraged I imagine a lot of people will open their Bibles once at least every seventy-five years." Not all Bibles contain bank notes but they contain other treasures. The things in this book never get old or cheap or worthless—they do not depreciate with time.

The Bible is a book for thinkers. Since the dawn of the Reformation it has been the companion and inspiration of the leaders of mankind, the source and depository of the deepest and truest philosophy of life. Those who read it thoughtfully and frequently give proof of a taste for the best there is in literature and show an appreciation of the best there is in character building. It would be impossible to measure its influence upon the world.

DR. William Lyon Phelps, Ph. D., Litt. D., L. L. D., Lampson Prof. of English literature, Yale University, in the introduction to his little book, "Human Nature in the Bible," has said, with convincing clearness, some things about the good old book that every one ought to read, for an endorsement such as this from a source so eminent is indeed significant. In this book he considers the Bible (referring to the Old Testament) as a work of literature, "revealing the grandeur, the folly, the nobility, the baseness of human nature." He makes the declaration that the authorized version of the English Bible is the best example of English literature the world has ever seen. "It combines the noblest elevation of thought, aspiration, imagination, passion and religion with simplicity of diction." He says further:

"Every one who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible may truly be called educated; and no other

learning or culture, no matter how extensive or elegant, can, among Europeans and Americans, form a proper substitute. Western civilization is founded upon the Bible; our ideas, our wisdom, our philosophy, our literature, our art, our ideals come more from the Bible than from all other books put together. It is revelation of divinity and of humanity; it contains the loftiest religious aspiration along with a candid representation of all that is earthly, sensual and devilish. I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible. For in the Bible we have profound thought beautifully expressed; we have the nature of boys and girls, of men and women, more accurately charted than in the works of any modern novelist or playwright. You can learn more about human nature by reading the Bible than by living in New York."

IN referring to the revised version he has this to say: "The English translation is even better than the original Hebrew and Greek. \* \* \* I am confident that the authorized version was inspired."

One might think that this gifted and conservative scholar had grown a little over enthusiastic in some of his statements concerning the Bible but even a superficial investigation of the tremendous effect it has had upon mankind generally would make one hesitate to disagree with him.

There are in this preface three fundamental observations:

1. That the Bible is the best literature,
2. That Western civilization was founded upon the Bible,
3. That a knowledge of the Bible is an important part of an education.

LET us examine these propositions in some detail, for they

are important. With reference to the first "that the Bible is the best literature," careful students will scarcely question this statement. The brilliant historian and philosopher, John Fiske, who always equated historical values with scientific accuracy, is strong in his estimate of the profound influence the Bible had upon the development of the democratic idea of government in Europe and America, and is equally strong in his praise of its literary value. Speaking of the men who were most influential in the preservation of English freedom in the eventful days which preceded Cromwell's triumph, he says: "They found in the sacred volume the treasures of a most original and noble literature unrolled before them; stirring history and romantic legend, cosmical theories and priestly injunctions, profound metaphysics and pithy proverbs, psalms of unrivalled grandeur and pastorals of exquisite loveliness, *parables* fraught with solemn meaning, the mournful wisdom of the preacher, the exultant faith of the apostle, the matchless eloquence of Job and Isaiah, the apocalyptic ecstasy of St. John. At a time when there was as yet no English literature for the common people, this untold wealth of Hebrew literature was implanted in the English mind as in a virgin soil. Great consequences have flowed from the fact that the first truly popular literature in England—the first which stirred the hearts of all classes of people, and filled their minds with ideal pictures and their every-day speech with apt and telling phrases—was the literature comprised within the Bible. \* \* \*

It remains today, and will long remain, the noblest monument of English speech. The reason for this is obvious. The common English version of the Bible was made by men who were not aiming at literary effect, but simply gave natural expression to the feelings which for several generations have clustered around the sacred

text. They spoke with the voice of a people, which is more than the voice of the most highly gifted man. They spoke with the voice of a people to whom the Bible had come to mean all that it meant to the men who wrote it. To the Englishmen who listened to Latimer, to the Scotchmen who listened to Knox, the Bible more than filled the place which in modern times is filled by poem and essay, by novel and newspaper and scientific treatise. To its pages they went for daily instruction and comfort, with its strange Semitic names they baptized their children, upon its precepts, too often misunderstood and misapplied, they sought to build up a rule of life that might raise them above the crude and unsatisfying world into which they were born.<sup>11</sup>

"Now as the English speaking people have the best Bible in the world, and as it is the most beautiful monument ever erected with the English alphabet, we ought to make the most of it, for it is an incomparably rich inheritance, free to all who can read.

THIS means that we ought invariably in the church and on all public occasions to use the authorized version; all others are inferior. And, except for special purposes, it should be used exclusively for private reading. Why make constant companions of the second best when the best is available."<sup>12</sup>

To the thoughtful of mankind, the most precious possession the world has is the mission and message of the Master with the record of these as contained in the four Gospels. There is nothing in the lives of men, or the mountain heap of books, comparable to it in its influence upon the thoughts and conduct of mankind.

TO readers of this magazine Christ was more than a man, but if his parables and discourses had come to us without any assurance of the divinity of their authorship they would have been given the highest place in the precious literature of the world. "What other poet has joined imagination to reason in forms so perfect, with effect so simple, so powerful, so

beautiful, to ends so exalted as Jesus by the parables which he taught? From what other philosophy of life has mankind received so much light, so much help, as from these parables and from the sayings of the Master and from his answers to the questionings of followers and foes? What other words that letters have preserved for us are so compact with meaning, yet so simple in their utterance, so straight to their purpose, so entirely without waste? \* \* \* What a wonderful piece of literature it is! Not as revelation but as literature. There is nothing so small that holds so much; nothing so unerring in thought, so full of feeling, so rich in imagination, so perfect in the beauty of simple speech." These quotations are from men who are competent to judge.

Second—"that our Western civilization is built largely upon the Bible." The correctness of this is apparent to those who are familiar with the foundation of America. The impelling motive of those who made the best contribution to the character and development of our Republic was a religious one. The Pilgrim fathers came here that they might worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their conscience, and while they gathered a scanty subsistence from the stony soil of Massachusetts they joined in wedlock religion and culture. The offspring of that union was this great American republic. They drew their inspiration from the Bible and fashioned their lives after the precepts and principles contained in it. The Bible is the corner stone of our civilization.

THE third statement that "a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more important than a college course without a knowledge of the Bible" is rather a sweeping statement and may be challenged by some people. This is not an argument against education. It in no way belittles the value of a college training nor does it in any manner reflect upon its desirability or importance. It is apparent that the training of the intellect alone is not sufficient. The heart must be touched, the deeper, finer impulses of the soul must be brought out. A man was graduated from the state university and hanged in the state peni-

tentiary—he lacked in moral and religious training, which are essentials in the development of character. Cleverness without character is dangerous. The life of the nation rests upon morality and morality rests upon religion.

The first fundamental of a happy and successful life is a settled faith in God, a sound philosophy of life. We know of no other knowledge that will contribute more to this end, no other training that will mean so much in this direction as the training which comes from a careful study of the Bible.

FISKE, in commenting upon some of the lessons of the Boston massacre, proceeds to point out that the American colonists during the trying days which preceded the Revolutionary War displayed the most unusual self-discipline, a respect for orderly government which was extraordinary, a political development well in advance of their time. He concludes that they were the most enlightened people upon the earth. These people read two books—the Bible and Blackstone's Commentaries—the Bible principally. Their achievements and the soundness of their characters resulted largely from their reading.

Why read the Bible? If you do not like it, remember it is not on trial—the taste and cultivation of the reader are on trial. This book has always been the companion of the best minds, the text book of the greatest intellects, the inspiration for the highest endeavor, the source of the greatest achievement.

WHY read the Bible? If not for the depth and beauty of its literature—if not for the inestimable contribution which it has made to our freedom and democracy—if not for its great educational and character building value—if for none of these reasons, read it because it contains the word of God, because it is the record of his dealing with his children in the dispensations that are passed and gone, indicating the forces that have made for righteousness and peace and the practices which have resulted in individual failure and national decay.

Read it because it is a revelation of man's place in the great scheme of things and of the Almighty's plan to save and bless the world.

<sup>11</sup>*Beginnings of New England* by John Fiske, p. 53-54.

<sup>12</sup>J. D. Larned, *Study of Greatness in Men*, p. 18.

# A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

## V

### The Free-Will Controversy

In What Various Senses Is the Term, Freedom, Used?

In What Ways Is Freedom Limited?

What Has Freedom to Do with Responsibility and with the Development of Personality?

What Is the Meaning of Moral Freedom? Is It a Natural Endowment or Is It Acquired?

THE term, freedom, like the terms liberty and law, is used with a variety of meanings. In popular speech freedom is the opposite of slavery; in political documents, it is often applied to a self-governing people; in the language of criminal law, it may refer to one who is not in jail; to a youth, it sometimes means one who has escaped from the domination of his parents. These are but types of the many ways in which this popular term is used.

It is the purpose here to discuss freedom in its philosophical use as it applies to man's relations to the world. Is the individual wholly the creature of his environment? Is he determined entirely by causes and conditions external to his own personality? An affirmative answer to these questions is in agreement with *External-Determinism*, the theory commonly held by the mechanistic materialists. An opposing theory widely held is called *Self-Determinism*. From this point of view conduct is determined by the nature of the individual himself. It is, nevertheless, quite definitely and certainly predictable to the extent that the real nature of the individual is known. A third theory, in some measure opposed to both of the others, is called *Indeterminism*. It holds that the future actions of the individual are not wholly predetermined, either by external conditions or by the present nature of the self; that there is real choice of ends and means; that results, in

*"A common opinion prevails that the juice has ages ago been pressed out of the free-will controversy, and that no new champion can do more than warm up stale arguments which every one has heard. This is a radical mistake. I know of no subject less worn out, or in which inventive genius has a better chance of breaking open new ground,—not perhaps, of forcing a conclusion or of coercing assent, but of deepening our sense of what the ideas of fate and of free-will imply."\**

some instances, might have been different; and that what is to be, within limits, is for individuals to determine.

Some philosophers hold that there can be no freedom without some degree of indeterminism; others hold that freedom is consistent with self-determinism, and that, in fact, this is the only kind of freedom that is desirable. Each of these theories as to the three varieties of determining or not determining human conduct is defended on the grounds of experience.

#### Why External Determinism?

ADVOCATES of external determinism appeal to the concepts of physical science as the most valid of all experience and as having application to all nature inclusive of man and human institutions. They build upon the popular statement of the law of gravitation, in which everything is externally controlled, but has no power over itself. They regard mind as a product of mechanical forces, operating in agreement with natural laws of the same order. The conduct of the individual is conceived as arising wholly from two sources, his heredity and his environment. But from this viewpoint, heredity itself is but a storage battery, figuratively speaking, of environmental forces that have for ages been accumulating in the species. Thus heredity is reduced ultimately to the influences of past environment. The theory is, therefore, properly called external determinism. The philosophical

objections to this theory have been briefly stated in previous numbers of this series. It may be proper to add here that it has been called inconceivable because any attempt to think it through involves logical contradictions. Cosmic evolution as defined by Herbert Spencer assumes that the complex world of today evolved from a homogeneous, undifferentiated mass, a world, if it can be called such, therefore, in which all parts were alike. With such a condition there could have been no environment in the sense in which we now use that term. In our experience when a living organism is changed by its environment it is by action upon it of something different from itself, not by an exact duplicate of itself. It is at least unreasonable, if not inconceivable, to assume that the substance out of which the world evolved could have developed into this complex world we experience without either the power of self-differentiation in the substance itself or without its being acted upon by a power outside itself. By the former hypothesis some degree of self-determination is assumed, thus breaking down the theory of external determinism; by the latter, external intervention is assumed contrary to the postulates of physical science. The only defense left then is from the standpoint of the theological predestinationists, the logic of which is to make God responsible for all that is, good, bad, and indifferent.

It has often been pointed out that from this point of view the damned exist for the glory of

\*James Wm., *The Will to Believe and Other Essays*, p. 145. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

God, without the possibility on their part of being anything but damned. Such a theory may be acceptable to people entranced by a certain type of theological belief; it can hardly, however, be acceptable as a philosophically determined belief. To return to earth and to more intimate experience, consider the relation of the theory of external determinism to human life and human relations as we know them. Has any exponent of this theory ever been observed to act upon it consistently? One of its most earnest advocates, the writer recalls, suggested that it would never do for a person to apply it to himself, but that it might very well be applied to other people. This view is as commendably charitable as it is cheerfully illogical. Other advocates of the theory are not so charitable; in practice they do in fact often hold that an erring associate might have acted otherwise. There are also some individuals and small groups who have, on the basis of this theory, developed the habit of throwing bouquets and sobbs at convicts, but at the same time berating society for punishing these criminals. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that if all criminals are wholly the victims of circumstances so also is society. By the same theory and logic if society punishes it must be because it is externally determined that it shall do so. It cannot, by this theory, act otherwise; society should, therefore, be as free from censure as are criminals. Why then censure or punish anybody, any group, or any institution? According to this theory it is foolish to ask the question because no thing, event, or person can possibly be anything else than what it is. If environment, past and present, causes us to be agitated, to punish, or to shower with bouquets those who murder their fellows that is all predetermined and irrevocable; as are also the actions of civil society in condemning and punishing and of mobs in lynching. Were it possible to introduce a little logic into our systems we should, of course, cease shedding tears or being otherwise disturbed about it. But, then, whether or not we can be logical is also predetermined by environment. Truly the point of view of the law of gravitation, as popularly stated, is applied to us with a vengeance.

But then, again, whether or not we like the theory is also predetermined.

### What of Self-Determinism?

THE customary use of this term in philosophy, while it sets aside universal external determinism, agrees in holding that all conduct is causally determined, and that with sufficient knowledge of all the complex conditions involved conduct could be predicted with certainty. This is made possible by the assumption that the actions of an individual are determined by the nature of the actor; that the principle of universal causation holds; that is, putting this assumption in the negative form, there is no such thing as chance or contingency in the world. A given nature, being such as it is, cannot act otherwise than it does, but it acts without external compulsion; this is in agreement with Howison's definition of freedom:

"Freedom means (instead of unpredictable whim) action spontaneously flowing from the definite guiding intelligence of the agent himself."<sup>1</sup>

IF, however, this action is wholly and with absolute certainty predictable then the individual, being such as he is, cannot possibly act otherwise than he does. The practical consequences are, therefore, in this respect essentially the same as in the case of external determinism, although the theory itself seems more nearly to approximate experience. Were it permissible to grant that the individual has some degree of power to change his own nature the theory might square with experience and with the demands of the moral life. This, however, would be to admit an element of choice, to open the way to various possibilities; it would, therefore, nullify one of the essentials of the theory, strictly interpreted.

<sup>1</sup>Limits of Evolution, p. 320, The MacMillan Co., New York.

**M**ORAL Teachings of the New Testament, by the author of this series, has a brief chapter on freedom in the moral and religious sense of the term, "free," as used by Jesus.

### Is There a Place for Indeterminism?

THE minimum requirements of this theory are stated by James thus:

"Free will" does not say that everything that is physically conceivable is also possible. It merely says that of alternatives that really tempt our will more than one is really possible."<sup>2</sup>

This is not to deny the influence of external things in determining conduct; it does deny that conduct is thus *wholly* determined. It is not to deny self-determinism as a primary factor in determining conduct; it does deny that the future of each individual is *wholly and irrevocably* determined by what he is at this moment. It assumes the possibility of his voluntarily bringing about some degree of modification of his own nature and also of the nature of his environment, both physical and social. These modifications in his own nature and in his environment in turn react upon him and thus help to bring about further changes. This, because there is truth in all three theories, provided each is modified to include the truths of the other two.

The practice of education is properly built upon recognition of all three factors in the development of personalities. If external conditions were not a factor much of the work of the schools, juvenile courts, and social welfare agencies would be of no avail. All of these institutions count heavily upon external influences, especially social influence. One of these social influences is directed toward the problem of developing in the child a sense of responsibility and a feeling that it is within his own power to choose the right and to reject the wrong. If this educational purpose is not realized character education will fail. If these feelings are held to be mere illusions the character structure is built upon the sand and will not withstand the floods of temptations that are sure to come.

E DUCATION also recognizes the fact that a desirable type of personality normally and usually yields a desirable type of conduct. If it were not so, the results

<sup>2</sup>The Will to Believe, p. 157, Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

of the educative process would be lost. Not only that, however, but so also would orderly society be lost. The stability of friendships, of the marriage relation, of social organizations, of business, industry, and commerce, of the church and the state, are all founded upon the dependability of individuals; this is founded upon the stability of individual character, which, in turn, is a corollary of the theory of self-determinism.

There are, then, two aspects of freedom in human conduct; i. e., freedom from external compulsion; that is, free spontaneous action in which the moving cause is the agent himself; and also that freedom manifest in the power of the individual to choose, within limits, between alternatives, to exercise choice that may modify in some degree his own nature and thus make possible a real self-determination of his own character. This point of view satisfies the demands both of common sense and of reflective thinking, both of education and of ethics.

### What Is Moral Freedom?

ANOTHER aspect of this question relates to freedom as a thing to be acquired, often called moral freedom. In this sense it means free, spontaneous action in agreement with moral laws, stand-

ards, and ideals. The child is not born with this kind of freedom, but only with the possibility of attaining it. It is the great task of education to help him toward this end. Recognition of this fact has produced such book titles as, "Educating for Freedom."<sup>3</sup> This is not only the major function of education, it should be also the goal of all moral endeavor, of ethical culture, and of religious aspiration. From the standpoint of the individual it is the great spiritual goal of life, a goal to be progressively realized through acquisition of social knowledge and spiritual insight—ideals of life and conduct in social relations—together with conformity of life to these ideals. This is real freedom in its highest and best sense.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."<sup>4</sup> Jesus doubtless here refers to social and spiritual truth, truth that relates to the life and conduct of men. Socrates, the father of ethics, also held that freedom is something to be acquired and that the road to freedom and to happiness is through knowledge—knowledge of what man's relations with his fellow-men and with God ought to be.

<sup>3</sup>By Edward O. Sisson, The MacMillan Co., N. Y.  
<sup>4</sup>John 8:32.

Jesus often spoke of the flowers of Palestine and used them to illustrate his sermons. He declared that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the lilies of the field, and that God even clothed the grass of the field.

John tells us that Jesus "went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, unto which he entered, and his disciples. \* \* \* for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither." And it was in this Garden of Gethsemane that Christ endured his great agony, and sought comfort in prayer.

THROUGH the ages, since God walked in the garden in the cool of the day, gardens have claimed the love and imagination of the poets and artists, the thinkers and workers of the world. Sir Francis Bacon wrote one of his most famous essays about gardens. Shakespeare loved to place his characters in gardens. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam sings of philosophy and love in a Persian garden, where the poet thinks:

"That never blows so red  
The rose as where some buried  
Caesar bled;  
That every hyacinth the garden  
wears  
Dropt in her lap from some once  
lovely head."

Today, here in the west, a flower garden is not such a necessity with us as it should be. The stern demands of pioneer life left little time for cultivation of flowers, so much energy was needed for wresting food from the soil. But now that the years have brought comfort and leisure, every home may have its flower garden, for certainly every family needs one to round out its life.

It is easy to make a flower garden. Any woman can make one, once she has the ground ploughed or spaded for her future operations; and plenty of women have energy and ambition enough to be their own diggers too. This western soil is full of wonderful potentialities and possibilities. It is fresh and sweet. It needs no lime as the older, sour soils of the east do. It is kissed all day by the sun and cooled by the mountain breezes. It is waiting, throbbing with life, to receive the seeds and roots. And it will give back

(Continued on page 364)

## Every Home Needs a Flower Garden

By MAUD CHEGWIDDEN

ADAM'S first work, we are told in Genesis, was to care for the garden which the Lord Himself had planted, "eastward in Eden," wherein grew every tree "that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." Notice that beauty for the eye's delight is placed before the mere fact of growth for food. Nowadays, however, cabbages are considered more important as a crop than flowers.

Throughout the Bible, mention of gardens, and of roses, lilies and vines is very frequent. That lovely and undying poetry which comprises the Song of Solomon abounds in gardening phrases.

"My beloved is mine and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies,"

and again: "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

"Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits," we read, and later: "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies."

ISAIAH, in describing the promises which are due unto godliness, says: "And thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." This same promise is again given by Jeremiah, "And their soul shall be as a watered garden, and they shall not sorrow any more at all."

# Champion "Mormon Utes"

By

WALLACE F. TORONTO

THE greatest basketball game of the season is about to take place in the huge gym of the Y. M. C. A. in that historic old city of Prague, the capital of the new republic of Czechoslovakia. This game is to be the main feature of the extensive Home Coming Day program of that institution. The hall, decorated with banners of all colors and designs and the hundreds of eager people surrounding the playing court and filling to overflowing the large, spacious upper balcony, make a picture which cannot soon be forgotten. On each end of the balcony hangs the Red, White, and Blue—the national colors of the United States, and also of the new-born republic. Here is the American flag which betokens liberty and freedom, gained a century and a half ago by a brave and God-fearing people; and on the other side is the Czechoslovakian flag, bespeaking the long sought for freedom of a people, distinct in character and tongue, who are now enjoying the dream of hundreds of years. The hall itself is beautiful, but with throngs of people filling every available space, it becomes more than a picture; it is a living, throbbing, fascinating scene.

A SIDE door opens, and at sight of six young men garbed in flashy red basketball suits, the sweaters of which blaze forth a white "U T A H" in blocked letters, the crowd rises in unison, and cheer long and loud as the "Mormon Utes" dash across the floor, and warm up under the basket. A few moments later another equally fine looking team, led by its captain, trot out on the floor, and again the hall reverberates with enthusiastic cheering. This last team is the undefeated Red and Yellow Y. M. C. A. team of Prague. The tension is high; determination written on the faces of all players.

As the two teams warm up, the

spectators speculate on the outcome of the game. They have never seen this team from Utah play, but reports are circulated that it plays fast ball. It is even rumored that some of the Americans have had previous experience on championship teams at home. The Y. M. C. A. team is doing good work under the basket—evidently they are "on!" The crowd has reason to expect a good showing, for their boys have been in competition for three years—and without defeat. Undoubtedly they are the championship team of Czechoslovakia, having earned that title by sportsmanlike and skillful playing.

THREE years ago the great American game of basketball was introduced into the country by the physical education leaders of the Y. M. C. A. who had received their training in American colleges. The game met with immediate and enthusiastic favor. Now, basketball is a popular term in Czechoslovakia and Central Europe. And the red and yellow clad native

chaps have certainly mastered the technique of the game.

The whistle blows! The crowd grows tense with excitement as the boys pull off their warm-up sweaters. But the game is not yet to begin, for there are preliminary ceremonies. Both teams line up in the middle of the floor, facing each other, each captain in possession of a large flag. Mr. Marek, athletic director of the Y. M. C. A., introduces the teams, and then in turn the captains; first, the captain of the famous Czech team, Johnny Brusel, who presents the Utes with a beautiful Czech national flag. His well delivered presentation is made in English—he, himself, being a Czech-American studying in the University of Prague. Then Captain Hart, of the Utes, is introduced. He presents the Y. M. C. A. with a large American flag. His remarks are made in the Czech language. This thrills the audience to find that an American has enough interest to speak in its own language—for seldom it is that a foreigner attempts to learn Bohemian; and a roar of applause greets the captain. This bit of ceremony is certainly a token



"MORMON" MISSIONARIES IN PRAGUE

Left to right: Wallace F. Toronto, Jos. I. Hart, Arthur Gaeth, Alvin C. Carlson, Willis H. Hayward, Charles Josie.

of good fellowship and national brotherhood.

AGAIN the whistle blows and this time the centers step into the ring. The guards and the forwards take their positions. It is a tense moment. Who is going to get the breaks? Who will score the first basket? Who will have the sympathy of the crowd? These and other questions are in the minds of the players, and such conjectures also stimulate the excitement of the spectators. As the referee steps into the ring, the crowd is breathless. The whistle blows and he tosses the ball. The game is on! The tall Ute center gets the jump, and tips the ball to the right forward. Then like a flash it goes to the left forward who is racing for the basket. The Y. M. C. A. boys take the defensive, and are on their toes. They manage to intercept a pass, snap the ball down the floor, and in two minutes after the toss-up at center, their forward arches a beautiful shot through the basket. Again the crowd is frantic! The ball is tossed at center again, and flashes from man to man. Now the home team has it, and now the Utes. Utah is about to score. There goes a beauty, but it falls short of the hoop by an inch. Then the home guards take possession of the coveted ball, and dribble it down the floor—evidently for another basket. But again it is intercepted. A dribble, two snappy passes, a leap for the basket, and the "Mormons" tie the score. And another rousing cheer from the anxious spectators.

BOTH teams are on their mettle, both fighting to win that game, every man giving his utmost—every moment his eyes on that yellow ball and his mind on those perplexing plays. Twenty minutes of the hardest playing which had ever been seen in the Y. M. C. A., and at the end of the half the score stands, Utes—19, Y. M. C. A.—9. But the locals are determined that a ten point lead is not to be considered the final answer as to who are victors.

A ten minute period marks the end of the half, and again the boys take position on the floor. Each player is more in the game than ever; each one just a little more

wary of his opponent; and each one giving his all for the last twenty minutes of play. Because of the anxiety of the teams, the game is slightly rough at times, but there is no evidence of ill-feeling. A basket is scored on this side and then on that. A bit of brilliant passing, an interception or a fumble, and the ball changes hands. A long shot falls short and is recovered by the guards, and again the situation is changed. And the audience is almost as intensely in the game as the members of the teams. The air is charged with excitement! A shrill whistle from the time keeper brings this, the greatest game of the season, to a close, and the final score stands, Utes—32, Y. M. C. A.—18.

It is a great victory for the Utes. Each team in turn gives a rousing cheer for its opponent. One was in Czech, the other in English, but the same sportsmanlike spirit is conveyed by both.

FOLLOWING the game a monstrous dance is held in the gym, to which all present are invited. Being the Home Coming Day of the Y. M. C. A., careful preparations have been made, and an unusual program follows. Although the "Mormons" do not participate in the dancing, they assist with the program. They are invited to sing some of their English songs during the intervals between dances, and come back time and time again by the applause of the appreciative crowd.

BUT who are these "Mormon" Utes? And what are they doing in Czechoslovakia? Several months ago, six young men, under the leadership of Arthur Gaeth, were sent into Czechoslovakia for the purpose of opening up a mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and to prepare for the advent of the Gospel among the Slavs generally. Since the day of the dedication of the mission on the 24th of July, 1929, these young men, Arthur Gaeth, Joseph I. Hart, Alvin G. Carlson, Willis H. Hayward, Charles Josie, and Wallace Toronto, have been busily engaged in learning a new language, and in making contacts with various people of influence. Through their efforts, two new and distinctive tracts have been published in

the Bohemian language; the Book of Mormon is now being translated, and will be off the press in a few months; weekly English meetings have been held, and with a great degree of success, a Sunday School has been held every Sunday morning—and during the last few months, entirely in the Czech language. Some one hundred newspaper articles, together with pictures of Utah, have appeared in the leading publications of the country, thus advertising the work and stirring up an interest in the people.

But what has that to do with basketball? These young men believe in reaching the people through things in which they are interested, and an important medium is sport. Earlier in the year the missionaries played playground baseball with the Sokols, the largest athletic organization in Central Europe, and through their willingness to show and to teach the Czech boys the "tricks" of the game, gained many friends, and made valuable connections with men of influence. They formed a quartet which has gained considerable fame in Prague by singing at some of the most exclusive clubs and participating in some of the finest events of the year. They also assist with the Boy Scout organization. In addition they have made contacts with various English clubs, and other prominent societies, and by taking active part in them have sowed seeds which may in time produce a bounteous harvest.

THIS is preaching the Gospel in the modern way, through the channels which reach the lives of the people. The motto of the Czechoslovak mission is "Join in and be one with them." It is working wonders, for through this means unthoughtof paths have been opened. Through this kind of contact the interest of the people is aroused, and they are beginning to investigate the "moving force" which is sending these young men into the world, and are discovering that their message is worth while.

We hope that the mission will grow in numbers,—of missionaries, and of members, until the whole of the Slavic peoples, almost 150 millions, will hear the Gospel message.

# Hints on Making the Best of Life

By DR. JOHN T. MILLER

**D**URING the past 35 years, in more than 500 high schools and colleges, the writer of this article has given lectures on vocational guidance and character education. In nearly all those institutions, an office was set apart for personal interviews where individual help was given students in choosing the vocations to which they were best adapted and in making physical and mental adjustments that would increase efficiency and improve personality. This work was based upon the science of human nature used by Horace Mann, America's greatest educator, by our beloved Dr. Karl G. Maeser, and by others who showed more than ordinary talent in helping young people to make the best of life. These principles of self-culture are so simple that they can be applied successfully by any youth of ordinary intelligence who has persistence and determination. The encouraging response that has come from thousands who have been given this help is evidence that the intellectual, moral and spiritual tendencies in youth can be aroused and strengthened until they direct the impulses to physical, social, intellectual, moral and spiritual harmony.

**E**VERY youth desires to gain the information that will help him to make the best of life and to get into the vocation to which he is best adapted mentally and physically. It is now generally recognized that it is as much the duty of society to direct young people to their right vocation as it is to educate them. Two thousand years ago Cicero sent his son to the leading philosopher of his time hoping to make a philosopher of him. The boy made an effort but was such a failure that Cicero suggested there should be triers to help boys get into the right vocation. At that time girls were not educated, so they did not need vocational guidance. It has required 2,000 years to make vocational guidance a part of our educational system. During that time education for girls has developed until they have

the same need for help in choosing a vocation and in self-culture that boys have. Not long ago the United States Commissioner of Education said that in our complex social life it is little less wasteful to leave boys and girls without help in choosing a vocation than it is to leave them without education. There is now sufficient reliable information on human culture to unfold every life normally and to help each youth to get into a vocation where he can be happy and help best to do the world's work.

**E**VERY power of mind is good if properly used. Vice and crime result from the misuse of divine powers of mind. The normal use of appetite is most essential in building the body; the abuse of it is in drunkenness and gluttony. The use of acquisitiveness and thrift is to store away in times of plenty and harvest what is needed for other times; the abuse is theft and excessive desire for things that moth and rust corrupt and that thieves steal. Energy gives force to the character; the abuse of it is temper and high pitched nerves. Courage gives self-defense and a tendency to protect

others; the abuse is quarrelsomeness and fighting. The mating instinct is the basis for faithfulness in married life; its abuse is too commonly seen in the divorce courts. Parental love is the instinct that gives parents love for their children; when too active it causes children to be spoiled through over-indulgence and when deficient may cause parents to be cruel. The reproductive instinct is the wonderful power the Creator has given for perpetuating the race; the abuses of it are lewdness, vulgarity, lustfulness, licentiousness and obscenity. Concentration gives the power to attend to one thing at a time; the abuse of it is lack of power to concentrate. Strong self-consciousness and lack of self-reliance form the inferiority complex that can only be overcome by cultivating self-reliance. Firmness gives persistence, perseverance and determination to succeed under difficulties; the abuse of it is stubbornness. Thus we might go on and speak of the use and abuse of each of the 44 primary elements of mind. A harmonious character is the result of their normal action.

**D**URING the past century wonderful changes have taken place in methods of education. In the past too much emphasis was placed upon rescue and cure. These are gradually being displaced by prevention and conservation. Milder methods of discipline are displacing harsh ones. Nobility of character and harmony of life are being emphasized more and more, while coercion, suppression and repression are not so common as formerly. The five educators who have done most to bring about this desirable change in education are Pestalozzi in Switzerland, Froebel in Germany, George Combe and Charles Dickens in Great Britain, and Horace Mann in America. The lives of these men are an inspiration to any person interested in human improvement.

The world spends time and money teaching young people the mechanism and methods of operating the machines now used to do the world's work, but how little



THE AUTHOR

time is spent in studying the wonders of mind and body, and the best methods of keeping them healthy and efficient? It is natural to be well. It is unnatural to be sick. There is much unnecessary sickness in the world. In the Word of Wisdom certain health principles are explained and the promise is made that those who observe those principles of health-culture shall receive health and treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures. During the past century much attention has been given to the study of the body and its needs; if the truths that have been discovered in anatomy, physiology and hygiene were universally applied disease would become the exception and health the rule.

FROM the time of the Greek philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Pythagoras, about 2,500 years ago to the present, thinkers have been trying to discover mind. Each philosopher has spun his own thread of philosophy different from all the rest. From these theoretical studies nothing came that could be used successfully in harmonizing mind. During the past generation 24 varieties of intelligence tests have been created. The present trend in psychology is to study the feelings and methods of controlling them. Since every person has a mind to develop, the study of mind should form a part of every person's education. The powers of self-preservation serve to preserve life. The social and domestic affections relate each individual to family and social life. The intellect is used in gathering, remembering and classifying facts pertaining to our world. The perfecting powers serve in designing, planning, constructing and beautifying things; this is known as the creative imagination. The aspiring and governing powers give ambition, self-reliance and determination. The moral and spiritual emotions are the highest expression of life and connect us with principles and things that give the highest joys of life and are essential in eternal progression. To study mind intelligently we must know its primary elements. During the past 150 years scientists have discovered the following 44 primary elements of mind: appetite, acquisitiveness, thrift, reserve, energy, courage, love of life, friendship, love of home, the mating in-

stinct, parental love, amateness or the reproductive power, the individualizer, form, size, weight, color, order, number, comparison, causality, m i r t h, construction, ideality, sublimity, adaptation, imitation, concentration, self-reliance, firmness, self-consciousness, ambition, c a u t i o n, conscience, hope, faith, love, reverence and intuition. In future articles these will be studied in detail. In every act of the mind some of these are used. The kind of thinking or feeling done is expressed in the face. One of the Hebrew writers 500 B. C. said, "The heart (feelings) of a man changeth his countenance, whether for good or evil. And a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. A man may be known by his looks and one that hath understanding by his countenance when thou meetest him. A man's attire (clothing), and excessive laughter and gait show what he is." This truth is beautifully illustrated in these lines:

"By a whisper sow we blessings.  
By a breath we scatter strife.  
In our words and looks and actions  
Lie the seeds of death and life."

One of the modern poets says:

"The human face I love to view,  
And trace the passions of the soul;  
On it the feelings write anew  
Each changing thought as on a scroll.  
There the mind's evil doings tell,  
And there its noblest deeds do speak  
Just as the ringing of the bells  
Proclaim a knell or wedding feast.  
How beautiful love's features are,  
Enthroned on virtue's radiant face,  
Like some jewel bright and rare,  
Worn by the fairest of the race.  
But vice and hatred, how they mar  
The form and face of man  
And from the choicest pleasures bar,  
All who fail to do the good they can."

THE statement, "As a man thinketh so is he," is true. It is also true that "As a man is so thinketh he." As we change our habits of thinking we restrain or cultivate our mental tendencies and the brain centers through which they function. This process of change goes on in every person during the entire life, here and hereafter. The key to education is in the proportionate developments of mind and body. These are the essential bases for character development. When from earliest childhood throughout life human beings respond through reason, conscience and love of the best in life are developed. If the appeal that causes the response is through

appetite, money or prizes, fear, flattery or force, the impulses gain control over the higher nature and the results are not good. The more self-control is developed in each of us, the less need there will be for others to control us.

It is reported that the Prophet Joseph Smith was once asked how he governed the people over whom he presided. It is said that he answered, "I do not govern them. I teach them correct principles and they govern themselves." This is one of the most fundamental principles and is much needed today. When this principle is universally adopted in the physical, social, intellectual, moral and spiritual development of humanity there will be much more happiness than there is in the world today, and vice, crime, disease and other imperfections will be less common. Others can point the way for us, but each individual must develop self-control that will result in making the best of life.

HUMAN lives are the masterpiece of the Creator. The development of the intellectual, esthetic, moral and spiritual tendencies of life in human beings constitute their superiority over the lower animals. The Great Teacher said nearly 2,000 years ago that where our treasure is there is our heart also. There never was a time before when the opportunities for self-development and service to humanity were greater than at present. Many marvelous discoveries have been made during the past century but human happiness has not been increased in proportion. The most valuable discoveries we can make are in our own lives and in our relations with others.

Future articles will contain information about each one of the primary elements of mind and will show how to restrain those that are too active and cultivate the deficient ones so as to produce harmony of life. The study of human nature can be so simplified that anybody can easily learn it. This study should form a part of the education of every person, because it helps to form good habits and to overcome bad ones, thus putting harmony into life. When there is harmony in each individual there will be harmony in every home, every community, and throughout the universe.

# Out of the Burning

By IVY WILLIAMS STONE

## Chapter Four

TWO hours after Curly started her lonesome pilgrimage to the city, the Turner family awakened to a warm kitchen. No odor of green wood or doty chips permeated the room. The stove held a bright, steady glow, with embers dropping through the grates. Granny Turner was preparing a treat. Johnny cake and molasses! Young Bud, half boy and half man, grinned his appreciation and voluntarily filled the water bucket. Cassy hurried out, wondering at the celebration. Millie rose reluctantly, looking pale and heavy-eyed. Lastly came Steve, deliberate and dignified, as befitted the head of the house. They gathered around the stove, praising the pleasant warmth and the cheery glow. Never had the oven been so hot or the cake such a golden brown.

"Whar's Curly?" demanded Steve as he and Bud sat to eat while the women folks served.

GRANNY'S gaunt old face, became more set and leathery. She served Steve a huge wedge of steaming cake, covered with molasses.

"You-all listen good," she declared. "Curly's gone. I sent her ter town—ter that thar Town Lady what sends things hyar. Curly ain't urn. Cassy's least one died abornin', an' Steve fetched that thar baby from town. Ef he'd nary brung her, Cassy'd died, she would. Weuns never told nobody—just me an' Steve knowed. Weuns brung her up fair, but she couldn't stay no more. I bin awatchin' Abe Walters. He's bin ahangin' round hyar lots. Last night he tried ter tote Curly off an' marry her. He's gotta marry Millie, he has. I give her the things she had on when she come hyar, an' she ain't acomin' back no more. Weuns're agoin' ter hev a weddin' right smart."

Granny had never spoken so much at any one time before. Now she felt exhausted and turned to more familiar tasks.



THE effect of her announcement was varied. All eyes turned accusingly upon Millie. She faced them boldly, defiantly. Then sensing the fact that her parents were more grief-stricken than angry, she lost her defiance, slumped down on the kitchen bench and sobbed audibly. Cassy sank into the solitary rocker, flung her apron over her head and moaned as she rocked. "My least one! I wants my least one!" Steve Turner reached for his gun, cleaned and shiny, above the door.

"I've a mind ter shoot that thar Abe Walters," he threatened. "He's just no count, he is."

"You all best get him fur the weddin'!" Granny raised her voice above the laments of the two crying women. Steve reluctantly replaced his gun, and putting his arm awkwardly around Cassy's shoulders, tried to offer consolation.

DON'T youngs carry on so," he admonished. "Weuns didn't have no hold ter her. She's the least one of that jedge. I fetched her partly cause he took this hyar farm, partly cause youngs war that near dead. Our least one died—he war all blue. Granny an' me buried him out under that big tree what I never would cut down."

"She war my least one," sobbed

Cassy. "I nussed her in this hyar chair, I did."

Bud stood up, squared his shoulders, faced his family with new determination.

"Do youngs mean honest, she warn't urn?" he demanded. "Not my sister?"

"She war that jedge's baby. Thar war two of 'em in a buggy, side the court house, the day Silas Hoggan went ter trial. I fetched one, an' left one. Weuns did a good job, Granny an' me." "She hed larnin' ways," lamented Cassy.

"Ain't she never comin' back hyar no more?" piped Millie.

"No!" Granny's quick response seemed final. But close on her decision Bud put in a hearty "Yes!"

DEFIANCE of a grandmother in the mountains is defiance indeed. But Bud Turner's boyhood seemed to drop from him like a cloak as he continued, "She air a comin' back. I allers liked her better'n Millie. I couldn't help it. She war so little and thin. I uster hoe her corn rows an' tote her wood. I walloped Millie good the time she let go the hoe on Curly's toe. I aims ter get her some day an' marry her. She hed larnin' ways. Don't youngs fret, Ma; I'll bring her back, an' youngs kin listen ter the end of that thar book."

"Now I knows why Granny allus dipped her hair," wailed Cassy. "She war afeared ter let folks see them thar golden curls."

MILLIE sat upright, rubbing her reddened eyes. "Kin I hev her things?" she queried. "I wants that thar red shawl an' her lookin' glass, an' the long blue ribbons. I don't want them thar books nor them thar tooth brushes."

Cassy turned belligerently toward her erring daughter. "Youngs air ter blame fer all this hyar trouble," she cried. "I ought ter wallop yer." She raised a threatening arm over the cowering Millie. Then suddenly realizing the

weary months which lay before the child-woman, her anger changed to compassion. "Set up an' eat, Millie," she admonished. "Youns kin hev my 'lasses on youns cake. 'Pears like ets thet sweet it hurts my teeth."

**H**ARRISON Home had reached its capacity. Twenty beds and twenty girls had been Miss Eunice's ambition. Orphans seeking home life, country girls seeking education, girls escaping from the drudgery of poverty-ridden environment. The last comer, crippled Amy, had the sleeping porch. Every night Miss Eunice made the rounds of the twenty sleepers, tucking in loose covers, turning off forgotten lights, locking doors. Then on to her own room, body weary but soul happy.

"What would you do, Miss Eunice, if another girl drifted in, say tonight?" queried Amy as Miss Eunice passed her door. "If she had to sleep in the street if you didn't keep her, what would you do, now honest?"

"Gracious, Amy! I would have to let her stay all night anyway. I'd wrap her in one of my gowns and tuck her in with me. If she were little, like you, it would be a real wrap around, wouldn't it?" Miss Eunice laughed, for she never had time to count her calories.

**S**HE passed on to her own room. For twelve years she had never failed to pray for the return of the lost Pamela. While Judge Harrison had tabooed the subject in his own home, and Echo was afraid to discuss it, Miss Eunice watched and waited and prayed. Many girls of varied types had sought the shelter of Harrison Home during those twelve years, but none had ever answered the description of the missing child. But on this eventful night, as Miss Eunice turned off her own light, there came an urgent ring of the bell.

"I just feel it's the twenty-first girl," cried crippled Amy. "O Miss Eunice, do let me come down too!"

**B**UT Eunice Harrison scarce heard her. On the porch stood an oddly assorted pair. Dr. Locke, the good, kindly physician who had ministered to the many

needs of her growing family, stood waiting for admission. He half led, half carried a young girl, or a large child, Miss Eunice could not tell which. As she admitted them the child's strange appearance seemed like a page from a fairy tale. Her bare feet were grimed and coarsened; her tousled bare head was startling. The black hair suddenly whitened at the roots, forming a straight contrasting line in the middle. She looked fatigued and frightened. A pair of worn shoes were flung over one shoulder; a small tin box was clutched under the opposite arm. She wore a brown flannel dress which somehow seemed familiar to Miss Eunice. One hand was clutched in a firm grasp, as if something precious were being guarded. The round molded face was too neglected for beauty; and was strangely dark, as if grimed. Her hands were rough and cracked, and bore unmistakable marks of toil. Only the eyes, in spite of fatigue, looked at Miss Eunice unflinchingly and beseechingly. "Where have I seen this child before?" was the question which flashed across the mind of the kind Miss Eunice, even before Dr. Locke spoke.

"I've brought you another daughter," he laughed. "Sit down, child. You're here, so you can let loose of that tin box and rest your arm."

"But Dr. Locke, who—where and why?" cried Miss Eunice. "I can't take girls in this way. No clothes; no letter. Perhaps she's run away."

"I picked her up about ten miles out. She'd lain down beside the

road, too weary to walk farther. She was coming from Crow's Nest. She's got a tiny piece of paper in that closed hand. It has your name on it. Torn from a parcel post package, looks like. Give the lady the paper, child."

**L**IKE an automaton Curly handed over the crumpled, moist scrap. Miss Eunice smoothed it out and recognized her own name and address in her own handwriting.

"What is your name, dearie?"

"Curly—Curly Turner," in an almost inaudible whisper.

"And your daddy's name?" prompted Miss Eunice.

"Steve Turner." Then noticing the flash of understanding that came over the face of Miss Eunice, the child quickly added, "Granny sent me. She said I couldn't stay no more. She sent youns this hyar box."

"Give her this pill and put her to bed," ordered Dr. Locke. "She's walked farther today than most girls her age do in a year. Maybe she'll sleep all day tomorrow. Wonder I didn't run over her, she was that close to the road. I'll take a look at her in the morning."

"I'll give her supper," the mothering instinct was always uppermost in Miss Eunice. "Have you had any supper?"

"Granny gev me bread, an' hawg meat, but ets all gone. Ets a right smart ways ter youns house." Knowing the natural reticence of mountain folks, Miss Eunice asked no further questions, but fed her youngest charge some light food, washed off the surface dirt and wrapped her around in one of her own voluminous gowns.

"Weuns nary takes our clothes all off," volunteered the child when the night gown appeared. "Just the top dress. Weuns ain't got no white quilts," she looked with awe at the sheets and pillows. And as blessed sleep crept quickly upon her, she muttered, "I can't tote water ter night Pa, I's thet weary."

**A**S soon as the child slept, Miss Eunice hurried down to inspect the precious box. Why had Steve Turner sent his child to her? There was no lock upon the box, but the lid stuck as if rusted, and it took considerable strength to pry



it open. Finally, out on the table fell a complete outfit of clothes for a small infant. Little white kid shoes, silk hose, an embroidered dress, a cashmere coat and bonnet. All were partly mildewed and exuded a musty, stale odor. In the toe of one shoe Miss Eunice found a delicately wrought gold locket and chain. She recognized it instantly as one of the pair she had given her brother's babies at their christening. She did not need to open the locket to know the word "Pamela" would be engraved within, but she did so, for the pure joy of double assurance.

"Oh," cried Miss Eunice, as tears coursed down her cheeks, "no wonder Steve Turner never tried to kill James. He took a deeper revenge. Oh, the poor, forlorn little thing! They have dyed her hair and worked her nearly to death. Her hands are bleeding and one toe is all black. Oh James, and Echo and Portia, the lost is found! My prayers are answered! I'll wait till morning and bring them all over together. What a rejoicing we will have!"

THE Hon. James F. Harrison shaved every morning at seven-thirty. He breakfasted at eight, seven days a week, twelve months a year. After what he termed "endless patience" he had succeeded in teaching Echo the nicety of soft boiled eggs, the fine point between brown toast and burned, and the superiority of overnight grape fruit. At eighty-three he tutored Portia for an hour. At least he thought he tutored Portia. Since he could not have a son, he was determined this surviving daughter should fill the niche in his scheme of life reserved for the boy. Portia, however, had well defined, if private, plans concerning her own future. At ten the judge sat in court, ready to mete out justice, unflavored with mercy.

On the morning following Miss Eunice's discovery, the judge had just lathered one cheek when a sharp ring at the front door arrested his attention. The voice of an excited woman rapidly approached his sanctuary, despite Echo's pleadings. "Please wait until he finishes shaving, Eunice. I'll ask him to hurry."

## Wild-Rose

By H. EDWARD BRIDGE

*I'M just a wild-rose.  
All I have to offer  
Is perfume sweet  
And soft mossy ground  
Around me,  
For tiny baby feet  
To dance on.*

BUT Miss Eunice did not hold the reverence for her brother which he had instilled into his wife. "I've seen him shave before," she retorted, taking a bit of pleasure in disturbing his careful plans. "Come with me, Echo. Such news! James, Echo, I've found Pamela! Your lost baby has come back. She has come to Harrison Home. I have her in my home; in my bed, in my night gown. Get Portia, and come quickly!" Echo gave one wild glance backward toward the convenient couch and quietly effaced herself from the little drama by fainting. James F. Harrison proceeded to lather the other cheek.

"Eunice, you are too sentimental for words. Has some over-burdened mountaineer inveigled you into taking one of his flock? Or has some indigent auto tourist prevailed upon your credulity with a likely story? Do not worry about Echo; she will revive promptly."

MISS Eunice gazed at her brother in astonishment. "Jimmy," she pleaded, "I'm not joking. I have the child—*your* child. I have the clothes she wore when she disappeared. The stockings and shoes, the bonnet and coat, the locket I gave her, with her name engraved upon it, they are all there! Now will you believe and come?"

"Some one is a clever impostor," added James. "No wonder you believed. You are sentimental and credulous. Undoubtedly these people, whoever they are, figured

that out ahead of time. Are you going to keep the child?"

"She's yours," flashed Eunice. "She even looks like Portia, only she's smaller, weaker and thinner."

"Since you are so insistent and my breakfast is cooling, I must disillusion you, Eunice. Last June when I supposedly went fishing in Montana, I really went to attend the funeral of Pamela Harrison. She lies buried in a little mountain cemetery. Aged twelve years, six months. I erected a modest but suitable monument. So that chapter is closed."

"OH," gasped Eunice, "You paid for the funeral of some other child!"

"The people—her foster parents, telegraphed me collect. They had taken her from a wreck, of which she was the sole survivor. They kept her until she died. Measles I think, or maybe pneumonia. Really, I was so glad to have the long uncertainty ended, I asked few questions. I paid the bills, paid the good people who had kept her and hastened home. Now Portia's future will not be menaced with the uncertainty of a possible double."

"Oh," gasped Eunice again. "Who was credulous this time? Did you see any proof that the child was your lost baby? Did they produce a locket engraved Pamela? Did she look like Portia? How did she get into the wreck? Did you see her?"

"Really, Eunice, you might have made an attorney had you been a man. But *my child is dead*, and thank God, I know where she is! This terrible uncertainty has unnerved me for years, and now threatened to become a menace to Portia's youth. I will not come to your home to see your foundling. I told you years ago, I would not enter my old home if you desecrated it. Echo will not come either. And please, do not make Portia's life unpleasant by thrusting this child in her face. Keep her, if you choose, but she is not *Pamela Harrison*." He struck the wash basin with his shaving brush with much the same gesture he would have used when striking his desk with a gavel. Eunice felt herself dismissed. She cast a quick glance toward the prone Echo. A flutter of half closed lids gave her

(Continued on page 362)

# Legends of the Wasatch

By HENRY F. KIRKHAM

I

## When the World was Young

I SAT one wonderful summer eve, at sun-down, upon the pier that stretches toward the west. The sky was aglow with all the exquisite colors of the rainbow. The limpid waters of the Salt Lake reflected, like a giant mirror, the streaming banners of the sun and threw upon the snow-clad peaks to the east, a soft pink, indescribably beautiful.

As I sat there, alone and at peace with the world, the magic of the moment dawned upon me and I grew to musing about the mystery of the great lake and to wonder how it first came to be. No rivers of note fed it; not any rivers drained it. And, yet, beyond the memory of man it endured in all its crystalline purity.

AND out of the stillness of the hour came the answer. Perhaps I slumbered—who can tell? But this I know that out of those limpid waters there slowly formed a spirit of exceeding loveliness. Out of the salt spume, as airy and as dainty as a floating cloud, this immortal drifted nigh and came presently to stand before me and spoke with a voice as the tinkling of small bells.

"Oh, mortal; passing this way, mayhap, for the last time, I pause at the inner yearning of one who remembers the things of the past. Alas! gone are those days of long ago; gone the race of mortals who worshiped in spirit; gone are the wonders of that mighty sea that ran for leagues around; gone the warm southern breezes, the green verdure of the hills and the simple folks who dwelt therein.

"All are gone! So must I go—to join those gods who once lived within this favored spot and loved and were beloved by the race of man when the world was young. Shall we come again? I cannot tell. But, ere I depart to that region of the blessed, will I speak of those golden days and so shall

*An allegory describing Lake Bonneville and the mystery of Great Salt Lake. Introducing the Mortal, the Gentle Spirit, the Cliff Dwellers, the Gods they worshiped, and the destruction of the Tribes.*

you be instructed and your heart at peace."

Not even the glory of O-te  
Is half so wonderful  
As the wonder of thy smile."

O-TE was vexed. And when O-te was vexed, the great hills trembled. For this god of the mountains had dwelt for time immemorial in the vast solitude of the towering summits.

Now O-te was angry because of Na-Ki, a young man of the simple tribe of mortals that dwelt beside the shadow of the towering summits. Na-Ki, beloved of the tribe. First in war; first in the chase; strong; leaping as the deer; beautiful as the eagle in flight.

But, sad to relate, Na-Ki had departed from the faith of the fathers and no longer danced before the ceremonial fire, nor lay upon the sacred altar the first fruits of the spring. In vain the Wise Men of the tribe reasoned with Na-Ki and warned him of his danger. Nay, not only his own danger, but the peril of the entire tribe, for O-te had been known to rain destruction, in ancient times, upon the whole for such acts of religious indifference.

"But that was very long ago," quoted Na-Ki. "And very likely old-men's tales and not true after all." So he took no heed and gave his thoughts only to the fair Le-me. For, know you, Na-Ki was inspired of love, a love that filled his soul with utmost bliss and left no room for other things. Indeed, Na-Ki must have lost his wits completely, else why should he have stood at the very portals of O-Te's retreat and taunt that great god with the praise of another?

"Oh, Le-me, the lily—  
Beautiful as the morning,  
Pure as the driven snow,  
Thine eyes are like the evening stars,  
Thy lips are the setting sun.  
None can compare to thee—

NOW, if this be not treason to the gods, what greater injury could the mind conceive? Not even O-te, although he loved Na-Ki for his previous devotions, could overlook this bold affront. Therefore O-te was vexed and, in fact, inclined to repeat that catastrophe of the long ago. But brooding there (and he had much time for brooding if I know anything about the eternal hills), O-te remembered the faithful homage of the balance of his worshippers, and resolved to wreck his anger only upon this young man so rapturously inspired of love.

Accordingly, O-Te summoned Bruno, the bear, and Pisca, the fish, and gave commands for Na-Ki's destruction. For even O-te had respect for this young man's agility and so provided a double assurance that his revenge would be complete. It was indeed a crafty plan as Na-Ki soon found to his sorrow, for returning homeward along the narrow mountain trail, his eyes still obscured by the vision of Le-me's loveliness, he came upon Bruno, the bear, too late to make effective resistance. And, moreover, Bruno was the largest bear that ever existed. It certainly looked bad for our hero.

BUT the gods that protect lovers and fools, at this stage of affairs, took a very active part. No less than to launch Cupid's own dart into the very heart of Bruno, so that Bruno utterly forgot his mission, and, instead of slaying Na-Ki, straightway fell in love with him. It is not recorded how this little god of love got into the picture at all. He did in no wise belong to the gods of this place and anyway had no

business to interfere in the affairs of a brother god. But be that as it may Na-Ki came safely home nor did he even know the closeness of his escape.

Also, you may be assured that O-te was in nowise calmed when the news of this miscarriage of justice came to his notice. Nor did he forget Bruno's part in the affair as you will presently perceive. "However, Pisca, the fish, will not fail me," said he. Yet, Pisca did most sorely fail him, which goes to show that even gods may be mistaken. It happened in this wise:

ON the morrow Na-Ki repaired to the great lake to set his nets, for next to Le-Me Na-Ki loved to fish and hunt. Now this was the time on which Pisca had counted and lurking there in the depths of the lake he awaited the proper moment to accomplish the end of Na-Ki. But Na-Ki, singing his song of love, suddenly be-thought of a tryst with that same beloved one and, forsaking his nets, made rapidly for the shore. Pisca perceiving this, was forced to action before the proper time and so blundered into the settling nets and became entangled therein and thus failed as completely in his mission as had Bruno. And Na-Ki came safely to his beloved.

Here, again, it may have been the work of the little god. Who can tell? But you may be sure that this double miscarriage did nothing to assuage the wrath of the great god. On the contrary it aroused him to a jealous fury. And when O-Te rose in fury, woe to the simple folks who dwelt in the shadows of the mountains!

Great rents ran down the granite hills, great avalanches of stone poured down the mighty summits. The waters of the great lake boiled in travail—spouting hot and furious blasts (where now the Hot Springs peacefully run) and lashing the shore with giant waves.

ALAS! for the poor, puny race of mortals at the base! Alas! for the golden age! Not one of that faithful tribe escaped destruction save only Na-Ki and his beloved. They, from that very tryst I have before mentioned, departed swiftly and securely to a place of safety in a far place. Even



Sunset on Great Salt Lake

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

Bruno the bear was cast down and destroyed while, Pisca the fish lay

gasping on the shore. There may they be seen to this day by one who cares to see.

Yet was the violence of O-Te's wrath overdone. Through one of these gigantic rents the waters of the great lake poured down to the mother of waters, so that none was left. And with the waters went the soft southern wind, and, in place of the green and balmy verdure, came the icy blast from the far north, covering even the snug retreat of the great god with a bleak mantle of snow. And when O-Te saw the mischief his foolish anger had wrought, he wept great tears of sorrow. Salt tears that, streaming from those immortal eyes, ran down to the lower levels and formed the salty sea—so wonderful this summer night.

\* \* \*

"But," said I, "how can this tale be true? There are no such gods as these." The gentle spirit answered not at all but slowly melted into the glory of the setting sun.

## Birthday of the Relief Society

THE Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized March 17, 1842, by the Prophet Joseph Smith, at Nauvoo, Illinois. Eighteen women were present, constituting the charter membership, from among whom the officers were selected. The instructions given by the great organizer were that the Society should care for the poor, minister to the sick, comfort the sorrowing, teach righteousness and build up and strengthen the morals of the community. These have always been the fundamentals of the work, developed today into a society for benevolence, education and progress unexcelled among women.

The membership in the Relief Society increased very rapidly from the time of its organization. After the martyrdom of the prophet, and the expulsion of the people from their homes, it ceased to function in an organized way until the Saints were established in their new homes in the Salt Lake valley. Following the establishment of wards under the direction of President Brigham Young, the society was again organized and the good

work resumed. The ward Relief Societies were later linked together in stake groups, and further solidified in a central organization by President John Taylor on June 19, 1880.

From the beginning, the Relief Society has been a philanthropic society, as it is expressed in the words "to manifest benevolence." Today its membership of 62,550 women are being trained for social welfare work, for motherhood, for home-making, and for all other duties consistent with Latter-day Saint ideals. Many homes have been made better and happier through the work of this splendid society, and the pure religion of which the Apostle James spoke, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the sins of the world, has been gloriously exemplified by these women in their devotion to the benevolent tasks assigned them, and in the uprightness of their lives.

The Mutual Improvement Association extends to the Relief Society sincere appreciation of the work it has done in the past, and wishes for it success and joy to come!

# Recreation in the Home

## III

### Music

"The Soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
"Till awakened and kindled by the master's  
spell;  
And feeling hearts touch them but lightly—pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before!"  
—Rogers.

PERHAPS more vital than any other thing is the social atmosphere born of rhythm. The family which co-operates in planning and saving for the purpose of buying musical instruments will find therein harmony of spirit and purpose. Young people naturally gravitate toward music and dancing. A home in which the family orchestra, phonograph, or radio provides music for dancing on floors from which the rugs have been rolled back—or in a social room—the home in which the old melodies are familiar to the children and new songs are sung by the parents—is the home to which boys and girls will turn with love and pride for happy relaxation. The attitude of parents will do much toward making or marring the attractiveness of the home.

Listening to fine music elevates the soul. It lends an influence of gentle culture and is a great factor in one's education.

DIETICIANS have stated that when the atmosphere of the home becomes intense from friction of one kind or another faulty digestion results. Some have also advocated strongly the use of music to relieve such tension and to bring about an atmosphere of contentment. Is anything more restful to the over-taxed mother or the tired father than good music? A specialist has observed that there would be fewer cases of delinquency in adolescents if there were more music in the home during childhood. There should be much simple but good music with marked rhythm to which they might play or dance. Many musical stories might be dramatized to the music. Songs should be sung with contents within the children's grasp that they might understand and learn to sing them. Musical activities within the home will lend not only beauty but spice to all home activities.

### Music and Drama

A NUMBER of plans have been devised to familiarize children, and adults as well, with good music. There are several games, too, which give instruction in an interesting and entertaining manner.

#### *Music Memory Contest*

THE music memory contest is a popular means of familiarizing people with the best-known musical selections. A list of fairly familiar compositions on the family phonograph records, with the name of the author and author's nationality attached, may be presented to each member of the family. On an evening two or three weeks later, each person is given a pencil and paper while one of the family plays the various pieces on the list, either on the piano or victrola. As they are played, the others write down the names of the compositions, composer and composer's nationality. The one who has the most correct answers may receive a musical prize of some kind such as a new piece of music or a record. A score is made on accuracy of spelling as well. It is suggested that the correct answer for the composition counts four points—the composer, three—the nationality, two—and the spelling, one.

The old songs may be used in a similar way, the one at the piano playing three or four lines of each familiar air and the others trying to guess the name of each piece.

#### *Songs and Music Composers*

THE children may help in making up this game. Questions about music may be written on small numbered cards such as "Who Wrote Dixie?" "Who wrote the words to *Home Sweet Home*?" The questions and their answers are then written on a large piece of paper. The cards are distributed equally among the players and the one who distributes them holds the paper with the questions and answers on it. The player at the left of the distributor picks up one of his cards and asks the question written on it. If he can answer the question he may keep the card. If he cannot an-

swer it he must sing or whistle the tune. If he cannot do that he must pay a forfeit.

#### *Giving Opera With the Phonograph*

THIS is a suggestion which may be adapted to the use of a gathering of neighbors. The plan consists in having a narrator tell the story of an opera, the records of the various airs being played in the correct sequence. Boys and girls or other members of the group may assume the leading roles, posing, but not singing or speaking, the chief parts being taken by the phonograph. The plan is described in a pamphlet, *Giving Opera with the Phonograph*, which may be secured free of charge from the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

#### *The Radio in the Home*

WHILE forms of musical activities in which children take an active part are to be preferred, the radio is proving a form of home recreation which is significant. It is the experience of many families that their younger members can be counted on to be at home when certain features are being broadcast—a story hour, a special musical program or other features which have become popular with them.

The radio has taken its place as a feature of common interest to the family as a whole.

#### *Spontaneous Rhythmical Expression*

IN addition to the foregoing, there are features of natural musical expression which are invaluable. Children love to dance and should be encouraged to move to rhythm. Clapping in time, walking to the music, improvising dances to radio or phonograph, all develop a sense of rhythm, and help to make music a part of the individual.

#### *The Toy Symphony*

THE toy symphony is one form of musical expression which can be developed in the home and which will afford much entertain-

ment for the children. Most of the equipment for this may be bought at 5 and 10 cent stores as follows: two sticks with sleigh bells attached, 20c; three small bells, 30c; one small tin-head drum, 25c; two kettle lids (cymbals), 20c; small xylophone, 25c; small warbler whistle (water), 10c. Bars of tool steel or metal triangles, hit with hammers add an interesting note. At a music store two metal tambourines may be purchased at 40c each. The steel bars may be replaced by additional bells of different tones. Some of these bells may be used as triangles by removing the clapper and striking them with a piece of metal. It is also possible to use two hard wood sticks struck together to produce a castanet effect.

Someone who plays the piano may lead the orchestra. The smallest children can learn the rhythm by first going through the familiar piece selected, humming it and clapping their hands on the beat. Then they may be given the bars and bells to strike or ring on that beat. The songs and instrumental pieces most familiar to all may be used at first after that, the following are suggested: *Humoresque*, by Dvorak; *Spring Song*, Mendelssohn; *Minuet*, Paderewski; *Minuet*, Beethoven; *Beautiful Blue Danube*, Strauss; *Stars and Stripes Forever*, Sousa; *March of the Marionettes*.

#### Ukulele and Harmonicas

THE ukulele and the harmonica are two very popular instruments which are easy to play. Leaflets on *How to Play the Harmonica* may be secured from M. Hohner, Inc., New York City, and courses in Ukulele playing are to be obtained at music stores.

#### Drama

STORY-TELLING has always been one of the popular pastimes in the home, and drama, which brings imagination and the spirit of play with it, carries story-telling a step further. Play acting is natural to young children and much fun results when the children dress up and act out such simple stories as *Red Riding Hood*, *Cinderella*, *The Three Bears* and others with which they are familiar.

One of the first phases of drama is that which every child builds

for himself or his playmate. This includes the Backyard Circus, admission one pin, and the highly inventive plays in which dolls and teddy bears are the actors. Children are always happy when they can have an audience of adults, who will watch them while they do their pet tricks, with one of the children acting as announcer for each act. A curtain which can be drawn between the acts adds greatly to the fun.

DRESSING up is another phase of dramatic play which has endless charm for children. If the family is fortunate enough to have an attic with a trunk full of old fashioned costumes, the child will find plenty to do on the rainiest of days. It is a good plan to set aside a trunk or a drawer where old clothes, pieces of material and various articles which aid in the dressing up can be kept. A large part of the fun in getting up a show lies in evolving costumes and setting. Here mothers have an excellent opportunity to encourage sewing and handcraft. Mary may hate making dish towels, but she will be enthusiastic over converting a length of calico into an Indian dress.

Children should always have free rein in staging their plays, no matter how extravagant their dramatic expression may be. Grown-ups must remember that the development of family dramatics should rest entirely in the hands of the children. The choice of plays, the casting, even the direction should be under their leadership, the grown-ups offering no suggestions unless they are urged to do so.

THE following books contain plays especially adapted to the development of home dramatics. All of them are inexpensive, only one costing more than eighty cents.

#### FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

*Child-Lore*, by Catherine T. Bryce. Folk tales are the basis of these simple plays in which the creatures of field and forest live on intimate terms with childhood. 27 plays are included in the book. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*Book of Plays for Little Actors*, by Emma L. Johnston and Madalene Barnum. 19 splendidly dramatized little plays from 10 to 20 minutes in length. The collection includes *Pussy-Cat*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *Tom the Piper's Son*, *Abraham Lincoln* and the *Little Bird*, *The Spider* and the *Fly* and others. American

Book Company, 100 Washington Square, East, New York City.

*Little Dramas*, by Skinner and Lawrence. 37 effective dramatizations of well known stories. Easy to prepare and produce. American Book Company.

*Stories to Act*, by Frances Gillespie Wickes. 36 plays including *The North Wind at Play*, *The Fairy Shoemaker*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and the *Water Baby*. Beautifully illustrated. Rand McNally & Co., 42 East 22nd St., New York City.

#### FOR CHILDREN OF TEN YEARS AND OLDER

*Fairy Plays for Children*, by Mabel F. Goodlander. Six familiar fairy tales have been put in dramatic form in this book. *The Honest Woodcutter*, *Miss Mary Gives a Garden Party*, *The Pine Tree*, *The House in the Woods*, *The Elves and the Shoemaker*, *Snow White and Rose Red*, *King Midas or the Golden Touch*, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, and *Sleeping Beauty*. The book also contains excellent illustrations of scenes and costumes together with music and directions for the dances. Rand McNally & Co.

*Historical Plays for Children*, by Grace E. Bird and Maud Starling. 15 little plays written around the incidents and traditions of early American history. The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*Eight Little Plays for Children*, by Rose Fyfe. An unusual collection of whimsical plays dealing with the punishment of Dobby and Joan, bewitched dolls, kings who grow cabbages, and a goodly sprinkling of fairies to put things to rights. Doubleday, Doran & Co., 244 Madison Avenue, New York City.

#### Puppet Shows

THE making of puppet theatres is a project which children greatly enjoy. It may be made a delightful home occupation.

The stage may be built on a frame work of 2x4 inch wood, 42 inches long, 24 inches wide and 24 inches deep. Theatres are usually built on the same size frame work, but any idea may be used in the ornamentation of the stage. Beaver board serves for the sides, front, back and floor of the stage. The scenes, which are painted on heavy cardboard, will depend upon the play to be suggested.

Take a roll curtain, cut a piece of broom handle the size of the space between the two uprights, bore a small hole in the uprights about half an inch from the top and screw in two straight curtain hooks, bending one of them to make a handle. To this fasten a strip of cloth for the curtain and put a small wooden strip across the bottom so it will unroll. A small loop of cord can be fastened to the handle to hold the curtain when it is rolled up.

## The Puppet

RAG doll puppets may be made from small children's white stockings with straight legs. The simplest way to make the doll is to turn the stocking wrong side out, cut off the toe and run a gathering thread by the open side of the heel, fastening the edges together securely, turn the stocking right side out and fill the heel with cotton wadding to make the head of the doll. As puppets must be limber, there should be no padding at any of the joints. Consequently the neck should be sewed between the two thicknesses of stocking below the head. Next, fill the chest, but not too full, and again sew a row of stitches across the body to break it between the legs. The lower part of the body should be stuffed with cotton heavily laden with shots, dress weights and other small weights. A seam should be sewed across the body before the legs are made. The doll must be kept in proportion so the next step is to judge how long the piece of stocking for legs and feet should be. Cut off any extra stocking below the feet and split the leg through the center to the body. Sew up the doll's side and put in the cotton from the bottom. Keep the legs limp without padding at knee or ankle. Run a row of stitching at each of these joints. Weight feet heavily and sew the seam under each foot from front to back to make the length from toe to heel.

The arms are made separately and sewed on with the hands weighted and with the usual seam at wrist and elbow, but without cotton in the upper arm. The whole puppet should collapse at every joint.

Each doll should be dressed according to its part in the show and different expressions may be obtained by adding lines in the face or building on the nose.

The stringing of the dolls is a problem. Strings of heavy black linen thread are sewed in place after the doll is dressed. For women and little girls there are usually four—one attached to the top of the head, one between the back to the shoulders and one on each arm above the wrist. For men and boys, it adds greatly to have the leg strings attached below the knees.

IN manipulating the puppets, the strings may be tied to the fingers of one or both hands or they may be sewed to the fingers of old cotton gloves. A simple way is to tie the strings to a stick about the size of a foot ruler, which is suspended around the operator's neck, a heavier cord attached to each end. The stick hangs as low as the operator's chest and as he leans over the stage the weight of the doll is supported on this stick, leaving the operator's hand free to move the string as he desires. The lines are usually spoken by the operators who move the marionettes about the stage.

Animal puppets may be made from material by the yard and the tails are usually made of wire covered with wool or cloth, the bodies, heads, legs and tails being made separately and sewed together.

Stories which lend themselves readily to use in puppet theatres are *The Three Bears*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *the Ugly Duckling*, *Chicken Little*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Puss in Boots*, and similar stories.

## Peep Shows

A PEEP Show is another delightful home project which gives a chance for the young child to express initiative while cultivating the use of the hands.

The material which is necessary consists of a shoe box, or if permanency is desired a small wooden box, a little paste, some tissue paper, scissors and drawings, and pictures from magazines.

The scene, consisting of drawings, pictures and objects of various kinds such as ships, toy houses, should be assembled in the bottom of the box. The side walls may be painted or colored with crayons to provide the setting. After the show has been assembled, sky lights are cut in the cover and colored paper pasted over them so that the right colored light shines on each part of the scene which may be painted lengthwise of the box with three peep holes cut in the side. Characters from the funny papers may be pasted over the cardboard and scenes arranged in sequence in different boxes.

Note: A book which will be found very helpful in making puppets, peep shows, and in staging other similar forms of entertainment is the *Boy Showman and Entertainer* by A. Rose, published by E. P. Dutton and Company.

## Other Uses of Drama

THE fact that children respond quickly and completely to the game of make-believe should never be forgotten by parents. Much tiresome preaching and correcting is easily displaced by the more entertaining and equally effective method of pretending. The matter of mealtime manners, for example, can be either a nightmare or a pleasant diversion, according to the degree in which drama is brought into play.

The well-known picture of a flurried mother punctuating the remarks of other members of the family with an unflinching "John, your mouth is too full" or "Mary, where are your elbows," becomes so matter-of-fact to the children that the details of discipline fail to impress them and they subconsciously classify the disciplinarian as one who chronically disregards the essentials of politeness at table; for a very young child is able to feel that there is some discrepancy between the theory of faultless table behavior and the practice of uninterrupted and pointed criticism. On the other hand a little drama can do much to offset this condition. "Let's play that Mother is the queen of England, and we are all visiting dukes and duchesses. Anyone who talks like a commoner must divide dessert with the lordliest among us;" or "We'll all be poets during this meal, and everything must be said in rhyme." These affairs are great fun, one of the most interesting features being the planning for the next one.

Naturally this little play would not be presented so often as to become tiresome, but when not being done, other devices are plentiful; such as making little assignments ahead of topics to be discussed which would crowd out unpleasant features.

The Pioneer idea of apple-peeling, husking and quilting bees, which mixed work and play with sociability, was one which could well be adopted in every home as a basis of true home recreation. Friendly contests in performing given tasks, interesting diversions to introduce while work is being done, all contribute to the joy of living, which joy should permeate the home, if the home is to fill its rightful place in the lives of its occupants.

# Vanguard Leather Stunts

By A. A. ANDERSON

Scout Executive, Timpanogus Council

## Leather Stamping

### First Step

ONE of the most fascinating of simple handicrafts is leather stamping, especially if every step from the making of stamping tools to dressing up the finished article is followed in detail. The wide variety of articles that can be made and decorated adds to its attraction.

Belts, camera cases, ax and knife sheaths, first aid kits, archery quivers, arm guards, blotter corners, photograph mounts, bill folds, purses, bag tag holders and watch fobs are projects in this art.

### Making Tools for Leather Stamping

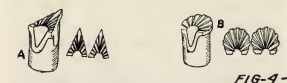
**MATERIAL and Tools:** 20 penny common wire nails, one 8 in. flat mill file, one No. 4 jeweler's three-cornered file, one jeweler's rat-tail file. One center punch.

**Procedure:** If a vise is not available, drive the nail into a good sized stick of wood or a stump of convenient height. (Fig. 2.)

Use the flat mill file to shape the nail head into the outside dimensions; be sure to work the head down to small shapes or your work will be out of proportion and look bad. The No. 4 jeweler's file is used to work the fine lines into the face of the stamp. The rat-tail file is used to shape the hollow rounding lines on the stamps. When the stamp is finished it may be removed from the

wood with a pair of pliers. (Fig. 3.)

THE stamping tools used in decorating articles shown in Fig. 1 are six in number. (See Fig. 4.) A—pine tree; B—shell;



C—basket weave; D—three dot; E—one dot; F—star. While there is a much greater variety of stamps made these six will comprise a good all-round working set to start with.

Method of shaping and filing the nails illustrated in Fig. 5.

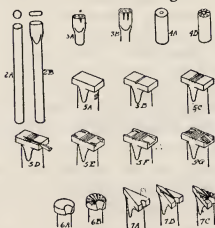
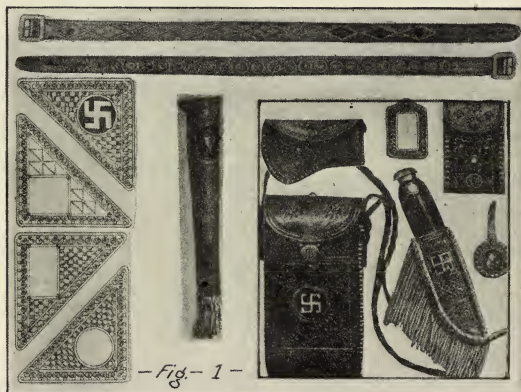


FIG-5-



- Fig- 1 -

THE pine-tree and the shell stamps, (A and B in Fig. 4) have a wide variety of uses. As a border decoration along outside lines on belts, camera cases and other decorated areas requiring a border effect, also as rosettes many

combinations are possible, such as represented on the articles illustrated in Fig. 1. Fig. 6 also shows combinations. Rosette (B) is produced by stamping nine inside the circle and nine outside the circle. Rosette (D) is made by stamping twelve impressions, six inside and six outside alternately. The basket-weave design shown in panels C, and F, if carefully done and properly lined will have a woven pattern which is very effective for designs needed for covering considerable space.

The star stamp (F in Fig. 4) is used for terminating the intersection of a double creased border. (See Fig. 6.)

The three dot background stamp (D in Fig. 4) is used in carved ornamentation for stamp-

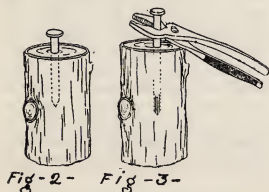
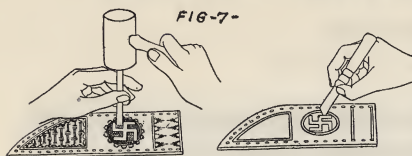


Fig- 2- Fig- 3-



ing down the back-ground surface of the leather which makes the design and initials stand out as shown in Fig. 7.

The back-ground stamp one dot (E, in Fig. 4) is useful in making initials having corners of less than a right angle as found in letters, A, M, N, V, W, X, Y, Z.

THE creased design (shown in sketches A, E, F, G, H, Fig.

6) are made with a creaser or tracer, made from a nut-pick or a piece of hard wood worked into a blunt knife-like shape. This method of decoration may be used alone or with stamped designs. The lines are first traced with pencil and ruler, then made deeper by retracing when the leather is moist so that a lasting impression results. (See Fig. 8.)



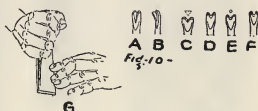
## Second Step

WITH the tools now made, the next step is leather and its preparation for stamping. Cowhide strap leather, sometimes called light saddle skirting, is best for stamping. Tooling calf is also good if a heavy quality is used, but with the latter care must be taken not to stamp too deep and cut through.

In making belts, camera cases, sheaths and similar articles, place the leather on a table or other level hard surface and remove the upper edge on the strap with a beveler as in Fig. 9. Beveler can be made by filing a sharp notch in

the end of a corset steel or other hard metal.

Moisten leather with water using only such amount as will be readily absorbed, as leather too moist will not retain impressions permanently. Round the beveled edge with the creaser. Sketch G, Fig. 10. A good creaser may be made out of a nail by hammering and filing it into shape indicated in sketches A to F, in Fig. 10.



LEATHER to be stamped should be as moist as specified in the creasing operation. If the water oozes out when the stamps are applied, it is too wet and should be laid aside until water has disappeared.

For stamping the leather should be placed on a smooth, hard surface which will not dent under the stamping tool. A slab of marble is excellent; hard wood is also suitable. Use a wooden mallet to strike the stamp in making impressions. A metal hammer will mushroom the stamps and spoil your work. Drive the stamp-

ing tool into the leather to a depth that will give a clear impression, but not so deep as to cut it.

## Third Step

### COLORING

THE surface decoration of the leather should be completed before making application to the design or background. The surface should be slightly moistened before applying the color.

Liquid dye or a wash of water color paint may be applied with a soft camel's hair brush. Permit each application to dry before successive ones are made. Experiment with scraps of leather till the desired shade is obtained. Polish when dry with soft flannel cloth. (Fig. 11)

Dennison's colored sealing wax liquified in wood alcohol makes good coloring effect on leather. Apply with a soft camel's hair brush, let dry and repeat the application until desired shade is obtained. When dry polish with soft flannel cloth. (Fig. 11)



Bibliography: *Handbook of Craftwork* (\$.50), Lester Griswold 623 Park Terrace, Colorado Springs, Colo.; *Leathercraft* (\$.10), Graton & Knight Co., Worcester, Mass.; *Leatherwork* (\$.85), Mickle, Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.; *Leathercraft and Leatherwork*, Merit Badge Pamphlets (\$.20) each, Boy Scouts of America, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

## Leisure Hours

WHAT shall America do with her increasing spare time? As working hours grow shorter, what opportunities shall our towns and cities offer to help people use their leisure to the wisest and happiest advantage? Children are growing up to a new world. How can the school and the community best train them not only for vocations, but for hobbies and recreational interests that will stay with them through life?

How much and what kind of guidance in play will best help

both grown-ups and children to find self-expression through activities for their spare hours? At the 16th National Recreation Congress, held recently, six hundred delegates exchanged their ideas and experiences. They included not only professional recreation directors, but educators, social workers, public officials, and men and women of many professions who are serving on recreation boards or otherwise advancing the movement for public play in their communities.

(Continued on page 360)

# Hosanna! Hallelujah!

Centennial Anthem.

Words and Music by Evan Stephens.

Congregation.

*ff*

Soprano obligato. Ho - san - na, Hal - le - san - na, Hal - le -

*Met. ♩ = 94.*

Choir. Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ho - san - na, hal - le -

*ff*

*8 ves sempre stacati.*

lu - jah! With heart and voice u - nit - ing, Ho - san - na, hal - le - lu - jah, In  
lu - jah! Our souls to joy in - vit - ing, Ho - san - na, hal - le - lu - jah, In

na - Hal le - lu - jah - In

lu - jah, With heart and voice u - nit - ing, Ho - san - na, hal - le - lu - jah, In  
lu - jah, Our souls to joy in - vit - ing, Ho - san - na, hal - le -

joy-ous ac-cord, Ho-lu-jah We sing to the Lord, Ho-san-na, hal-le-  
 joy-ous ac-cord Ho- We sing to the Lord, Ho-san-na, hal-le-  
 joy-ous ac-cord. Ho-le-jah. We sing to the Lord. Ho-san-na, hal-le

## CODA.

lu-jah, We sing to the Lord. Ho-san-na, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men. *Fine.*

## CODA.

lu-jah, We sing to the Lord. Ho-san-na, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men. *Fine.*

## TRIO. Or choir without soprano.

Alto.

Tenor. Sing, O ye ran-som'd, Ye ran-som'd of the Lord, Ye who the  
 Bass. Sing, O ye ran-som'd, Ye ran-som'd of the Lord. Ye who the

*poco accel.*

gos - pel re - ceived, and kept His word, Yea, ye pure in heart re - joice,

gos - pel re - ceived, and kept His word, Yea, ye pure in heart re - joice,

*poco accel.*

*a tem.*

Ye who know the Shep - herd's voice. Sing, O sing ye with joy - ful heart and

Ye who know the Shep - herd's voice. Sing, O sing ye with joy - ful heart and

*a tem.*

*Rit.*

*D.C.*

voice. Sing ye with glad - ness, With glad - ness and re - - - joice.

voice. Sing ye with glad - ness, With glad - ness and re - - - joice.

*Rit.*

*D.C.*

# Stampeded

By SILAS L. CHENEY

HAZEL March gazed belligerently at her mother.

"No use of you and Dad beating around the bush. I know exactly why you're carrying me off to the canyon," she declared petulantly. "You're afraid I'm in love with Maurice Blanchard and so you propose snatching the burning brand from the fire."

"Hazel, dear, you're mistaken. We are afraid you are becoming infatuated, and that might easily lead to something more serious; but love is out of the question since you have known him so short a time. To love is to understand and really appreciate—feelings which are not acquired upon an impulse."

"THAT'S the way they used to think, but times have changed. Today we live 'by heart throbs, not by figures on a dial,' but answer me one question. What's the big objection to Maurice?"

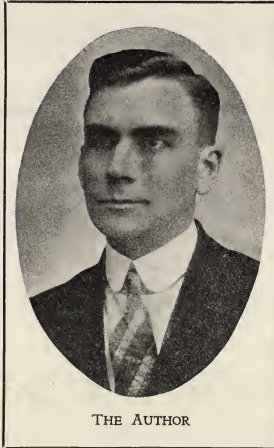
"He's of one faith, and you are of another. Where there is a difference in belief and training pertaining to anything so fundamental as religion, trouble and difficulties are bound to arise—if not before then certainly after one commences rearing a family. You are old enough to think seriously about such matters. You must understand and believe what the Gospel teaches concerning the importance of marriage?"

"PLEASE don't, Mother. This solemnity is depressing. Why not have the next on the program?" With that she pounced on the piano bench and rattled off several jazzy selections in rapid succession, exercising almost every muscle of her lithe body in defiant abandonment as she did so.

"Now, what say? Shall we pack and hie ourselves to the beastly canyon?"

"Beastly? Why, my dear girl, it's beautiful at this time of the year."

"I didn't say it wasn't, but where's the kick in sitting down



THE AUTHOR

day after day gazing at beauty? I'd rather get out and have a good time."

"NOTHING will prevent your having a good time. There will be plenty of people not far from Upper Falls and you can hike, motor, dance, ride horseback or almost anything you choose. Besides if it's romance you're after, as I suspect, you will no doubt have the opportunity of trying your wiles on Dr. Ludlow. We expect him to arrive any day and when he does we shall invite him to visit us at the cabin."

"If you do I'll run away sure. I'm not going to be stampeded into loving someone I've never seen, especially when you are forcing me to break with Maurice in order to do so."

"But he is handsome, attractive, and successful, and is dying to meet you after seeing your photo."

"Well, let him die. I tell you if I can't choose for myself there will be no choosing done."

MRS. March made no reply. She felt troubled but not discouraged. From what she

knew concerning young Dr. Ludlow he was just the sort of man she was anxious that her daughter should marry. But it was a matter which demanded tact and diplomacy. Certainly Hazel was not to be stampeded. She would have to be given a chance to choose for herself. Yet it was imperative that she receive proper guidance from some source which, to be effective, must be of an invisible, undiscernible nature.

Donald March's summer cabin, delightfully rustic as it was, formed the only artificial object within a radius of two miles. Yet it blended and harmonized so well with the out-door designing and decorating which nature had lavished about, that it added distinctly to the general colorfulness at Upper Falls where everything seemed cool, fresh, fragrant and beautiful. But Hazel, reclining in a wicker chair on the front porch, was in no mood to appreciate her surroundings. She sat gazing restlessly at the moss and willow covered banks of the trout-brook which splashed and gurgled at her feet; at the pale aspens and dark, stately pines; at the granite and sandstone cliffs towering gigantically above her, basking brilliantly in the smiles of the morning sun; and though she looked she scarcely saw, for her thoughts were wandering truantly in search of adventure. She had been there for nearly a week—a long, dull week—for as yet she had failed to see anyone in whom she could take the slightest interest. To make things worse her parents were working against her. They were up to their old tricks of keeping all eligibles away until Dr. Ludlow could be trotted along. At dinner the day before, her father had casually mentioned having met a young man, driving a sport roadster, who had just rented one of the cabins at The Meadows, a resort two miles below.

"He asked me where he could find the best fishing," he had said. "I might have told him it was excellent up here, but I didn't

much like his appearance—looked rather too high-lifed, so I intimated that the fishing was good down the creek a mile or so."

THE more she thought about the incident the more incensed she became until, as she now sat brooding, she fairly boiled with indignation.

"Shooing him away," she muttered to herself. "We'll see about it. Dad didn't like him because he knew I'd be interested in him. Well, I am." Springing defiantly to her feet she called: "I'm going for a hike. Don't worry if I'm late for lunch."

DOWN the steps and across the corduroy foot-bridge she tripped, following a path which led directly to the main highway. Here she looked back to ascertain if anyone were watching. Having satisfied herself upon this point she turned deliberately and followed the meandering course of the road downward. If her present conduct was not quite proper her parents were to blame, Hazel reasoned. She had always been able to pick and cull her own company until they had decided that she was old enough for them to do it for her. Her thoughts occupied her so wholly that she failed to hear the honking of a horn around the bend. A moment later she was horrified at seeing a car practically upon her. Things happened quickly; she screamed, brakes shrieked, something bumped against her, and then consciousness was snuffed out. She came to as cold water was being dashed into her face. Everything seemed blurry for a minute, then gradually her eyes focused on a young man kneeling beside her dipping water out of the creek with his hat.

"That's enough!" she gasped as he was about to repeat the chilly remedy.

"Thank heaven you are alive!" he said greatly relieved. "I think you have given me about as bad a scare as I did you. How are you feeling now?"

"I'm feeling all right but since your car ran over me, I must be half dead. I—I think I had better be taken home at once."

"I'm satisfied you're not badly hurt, perhaps not hurt at all as my car scarcely touched you. But I

don't blame you for fainting. I came near doing the same thing. It was the closest call I have ever had. Mighty fortunate I was going slowly and traveling up-hill instead of down."

"Surely was, but, how did I get away down here? The road is quite a distance up there on the mountain side."

"Suppose you guess. You see I was obliged to get you to water or the water to you. The one was an up-hill the other a down-hill proposition. Naturally I chose the easier. Other important factors influenced my decision also. It was difficult to determine in advance how much it would take to revive you and besides I was afraid my hat would rebel at transporting water that far."

HE must have carried her then, and the hot blood mounted her cheeks as she reached this unavoidable conclusion. Well here was adventure certainly. Smiling demurely and in an effort to change the subject she said, "I'm afraid Mr.—Mr. Gallant, that your hat is spoiled for future service."

"My dear Miss—Opportunity, you are quite mistaken. It has merely received a christening for a more important mission. Henceforth it shall be laid away in layendar, destined to become an heirloom."

HE was not only strong and agile but also possessed a ready tongue. Studying him

covertly through lowered lashes she discovered that he was decidedly handsome with dark, wavy hair, brown eyes, and strong, pleasing features.

"You must be the one who inquired of Dad about fishing yesterday," she said. "You're staying at The Meadows, aren't you?"

"Temporarily," he replied. "And I did inquire about fishing of a certain distinguished-looking, middle-aged gentleman yesterday. Let me see—as I recall it his name was March."

"I thought so. It was Dad. He was speaking of you last night."

"How delightful. I feel I almost know you already, but since I'm a stickler for social conventions I insist upon the formality of an introduction. And so: Miss March allow me to present to you Mr. Davis, Mr. Davis—Miss March."

"How do you do, Mr. Davis," she laughed. "Apparently I have met you just in time to say goodbye for really I must be going." As she made an effort to rise he sprang to her assistance, but she waved him aside and staggered to her feet unaided. "If I am able to stand alone I'm all right," she said. "If I can't I'll know that something is the matter with me. Perhaps some bones are broken, my spine dislocated, or I may be suffering from concussion of the brain."

"I surely hope you have suffered no injury." The genuine earnestness and concern in his voice sent a rush of blood to her neck and face. She moved about gingerly for a moment then more freely, concluding with a flourish of the Charleston. "Whole as a doughnut and sound as a drum," she declared.

"HOW fortunate," he rejoined. "Do you know, Miss March, there is only one calamity I could wish you?"

"I think I know," she spoke in a mock serious tone resembling his. "You tried it today but your car stalled. Well, I warn you that it was your last opportunity."

"Wrong, wrong, Miss March. You are deliberately side-stepping the issue. As for this being my last chance I plead with you to reconsider your ultimatum."

"But when the King doesn't like the looks of the strange Prince, what is the poor little Princess to do?"

## To You

By CLIVE LOVETT CLEAVES

ON a day when clouds were idly drifting

On sunlit grass I lay,  
And thought of many things.  
I thought of life,  
I thought of death,  
And of all that lies between,  
But, best of all,  
I thought of you!

"Try some of her charms on the lonesome Prince. No doubt she could change him into something which would meet the approval of the haughty King."

"Maybe," she temporized. "But if I don't bestir myself soon there'll be a searching party on my trail. Really, Mr. Davis, I must be going."

"Then permit me to assist you to my car and I'll drive you home."

"Thank you, but I really prefer walking. There is such a picturesque little woodland trail leading up along the creek, and it's only about ten minutes walk from here to our cabin at Upper Falls."

"Then lead on, and I'll follow to make sure of your safe arrival."

SHE became more serious than she had been thus far. He must not accompany her home. That would spoil everything.

"Thanks, Mr. Davis, I couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble. Good-bye."

"But wait, Miss March, you haven't told me where or when I may see you again."

"Does it matter?" You will surely be too busy fishing for future interruption."

"Perhaps you fish sometimes also," he suggested.

"Sometimes, when it isn't raining."

"And where in your opinion is the best fishing?"

"Oh, anywhere along here just so it isn't too close to the cabin," she said daringly, a twinkle appearing in her eyes. "It's too noisy there. Fish like it best where everything is quiet."

"So says Isaac Walton," he rejoined. Then scanning the sky; "It doesn't look like rain about one o'clock tomorrow does it, Miss March?"

"No. And no doubt Isaac Walton also says that the fish bite especially well shortly afternoon," she mocked and with a wave of her hand darted out of sight among the willows and luxuriant undergrowth.

HE stood gazing at the spot where she had vanished. "What a girl! She's the one for me all right," he murmured smiling to himself. Gradually the smile faded into an expression of deter-

## The Hawthorn

By STELLA P. RICH

**T**WISTED, gnarled and broken,  
Bent in the cold March wind,  
Dejected, by the creek side  
You watch the swollen pain  
Of water rushing past you.  
And you hate life and your own  
ugliness;  
Then moonlight, and birdsong, and  
winds warmly kind  
Bring dreams;  
Something rises in you—  
Something you cannot quell,  
A beautiful golden torture  
That makes you reach and yearn;  
And we who are passing by you  
Murmur, "The hawthorn has blossomed again."

mination as slowly he turned and made his way towards the sport roaster, which might have been blocking traffic on the road for the past hour, only there had been no traffic to block.

Summer wore on, autumn approached. Already many had closed their cabins and returned to the city to renew their vocations. But the Marches lingered, although Mr. March was away much of the time now.

Hazel had experienced sufficient excitement during the summer to satisfy even her volatile temperament. She had been in Mr. Davis' company a good deal, first on the sly—later openly. Her parents had never failed to manifest their disapproval of him; but since she treated the association so lightly, apparently they felt no very grave concern. Then too, he was spending most of his time in the city. But Hazel had become greatly concerned. She knew Mr. Davis loved her, and when the time should come for him to tell her of it, what would she do? There was her parent's disapproval and more important still, there was Dr. Ludlow. He had been in the city for some time, yet her parents had never invited him out, and rarely spoke of him in her presence, although she felt sure he was an important subject in their thoughts and private conversation. She bit her lip in vexation as she considered how stupid they must be to have taken literally what she had said about "stamping her into loving him." Still she could not let them know differently now. They

would laugh at her if she did. At times the newspapers referred to him and always in a complimentary manner. Apparently he was winning distinction in society as well as in his profession.

ONE night after her father had returned from a long stay in the city, she asked him whom Dorothy Spencer was stepping out with now. Hazel secretly disliked Dorothy, principally because she was envious of her. Mr. March considered before answering slowly: "I am not sure, but I believe Dr. Ludlow is taking quite a fancy to her." Then like a bungling school boy he hastily changed the subject. All this greatly intrigued her. It might not have amounted to anything had she been privileged to see and speak with him or even to speak about him; but as it was her curiosity simmered under cover until it eventually reached the boiling point, forcing her at times to wonder if she were not really in love with him unsight and unseen. With such a disturbing factor it was impossible for her rightly to analyze her feelings toward Lawrence Davis.

Things were in this state when her mother approached her one Saturday afternoon. She appeared quite agitated. "Hazel," she said seriously, "out of regard for your feelings we have said little of Dr. Ludlow and have been discourteous enough never to invite him to pay us a visit even after he expressed such an interest in you. But now he is leaving the city, perhaps permanently. Under the circumstances we have been obliged to invite him to have dinner with us tonight. Of course if you desire you may find some excuse to be away, but I am sure he would like to see you. Certainly we'd be happy if you remained."

HAZEL tried desperately to appear cool and perhaps overdid it. "I suppose I will be able to stand it since apparently it will be the first and last time," she said.

Toward evening she dressed carefully and went for a stroll to calm herself. She followed the path down the creek and quite unconsciously took a seat on a fallen log

(Continued on page 365)

# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve;  
and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.



GROUP OF BOYS BROUGHT BY BISHOP ROCKWOOD AND HIS COMMITTEE THROUGH ALL  
OF THE LESSER PRIESTHOOD GRADES

## Is It Not Worth the Effort?

By J. A. ROCKWOOD

*Former Bishop of Richards Ward, Granite Stake*

WE frequently hear that there is a falling off in attendance in religious duties by young men from fifteen to twenty years of age. The deacons' classes are generally larger than the teachers' and priests' classes, reflecting a loss from these quorums as the boys advance in age. This we all admit is a serious problem, deserving careful attention.

Can anything be done? I answer "yes." A number of years ago it fell to my lot to labor as a bishop. This big problem was taken up in a very definite way. Several meetings with leading men of the community were held; plans were formulated; an excellent committee was selected, known

as the Lesser Priesthood Committee, consisting of five good men; detail blanks were prepared to register the boys' activities, and the work of making definite assignments was undertaken.

THESE men, through close analysis and careful observation, were impressed seriously with the sacredness of their work. They felt that with their call to this work came the responsibility of bringing in the sheep that had strayed; just as important as a call on a mission to find the lost sheep in distant pastures.

After a few weeks of careful planning these men got the spirit of their calling and went at it with the zeal of a missionary in the field. "By hard work and the

help of the Lord we can and will bring them into the fold," was their slogan.

The accompanying picture of fifty-seven priests of one ward in regular attendance in quorum meeting was the result. Twenty-two of these fine young men were called into the mission field during one year.

The Scriptures recount how the seventies of old returned from their missionary work "with joy in their hearts," but I doubt if their joy could surpass that of these local men. To see the boys coming to the front, responding to missionary calls, etc., is a joy and happiness that brings tears of gratitude to the eyes. Feature, if you can, a widowed mother who recognizes that her boy is slipping.

Then upon the scene a boy's man appears and with a strong arm of love draws this boy back.

These boys of ours are the choice spirits of the world, born under the covenant, heirs of all God's special promises, upon whom the future of the kingdom depends, the most precious among our Father's jewels—surely they are worth the effort necessary to bring them in, and their return brings happiness beyond anything else in the world.

Have you ever had a father or mother come to you and say with the deepest emotion, "God bless you for your interest in my darling boy."

### First Step in the Plan

**ASK** yourself the question, wherein lies the greatest power and influence in bringing these boys in? Shall we preach at them? No. Shall we coerce them? No. Shall we call attention to the road that leads to Hell? No. Shall we chastise them? No. Shall we magnify their faults? No. Let us throw out the life line of love—it is the greatest power in all the world—and should be in constant use.

With three to five men as a committee in a ward going out to disseminate love for the boys, their power will soon be recognized. Presidents and presiding officers all join in the one idea of winning them by love and kindness, and never forgetting to express it whenever opportunity affords. It is the only method. A true story, to illustrate:

**RICHARD**, a small boy, comes home from Mutual and makes this comment: "Father, we have a swell president this year; he came into our class and said he was mighty glad to have such a fine bunch of young fellows, and if we wanted any favors, in reason, he would try and get them for us. Last year we were told we were a bunch of rough-necks, and if we did not behave, out we would go." The latter attitude is all wrong. Boys are like the rest of Adam's race, they can enjoy a little praise occasionally, and it goes a long way with them.

A special campaign of love, kindness, and praise for the boys was started by this Lesser Priesthood Committee. It was carried

by them into the auxiliary organizations; it was spoken of in the general Priesthood meetings, and soon it began to spread; the bishop preached it, and made use of it, and soon the boys commenced to recognize that they were not going to be singled out to receive a special scolding, but that they were among their friends whom they were not afraid to meet on the street or in the meeting house. This Lesser Priesthood Committee went out of their way to learn and know the first name of the boys under their supervision and direction, and took special occasion to come in contact with them—not only on Sunday, but in every walk of life. They took occasion to talk with them, ask them how they were getting along in school, football, basketball, and all their activities, and very soon they became pals to their boys. After this condition had crystallized the work was easy.

### Second Step, by the Lesser Priesthood Committee

**FIND** your membership; visit the ward clerk; obtain from his record the names and addresses of all boys from twelve to twenty years of age, then try to get their telephone numbers and learn what you can about them. You will find by definite search that there are more of these fine boys in your community, especially among the larger wards, than you ever thought there were, and there is your missionary field.

This committee should co-operate with the bishop, Sunday School superintendency and Mutual president to see that good teachers are selected, and that inviting class rooms are prepared. Go out after the boys personally, individually and systematically, and show that you are their friend.

### Third Step

**A** MEANS of checking up on your boys through the activity blank mentioned before is very important. Do not let them slip unnoticed. This activity record is almost indispensable. A sheet ruled and divided into activity headings, and made applicable to one boy only, so that when he is assigned a duty it is recorded on his activity blank. When he fulfills the assignment the mark is ex-

tended into a credit mark. This sheet is a record that should go with the boy throughout all the years of his activity in the Lesser Priesthood.

By carefully marking this activity sheet, proper rotating of assignments can be followed. Each boy should be taught that it is only fair and just that he should take his proper turn in filling appointments. It is doubly unjust to have a few boys, the willing kind, fulfilling all the assignments, for it is unjust to the other boys who do not get an opportunity. Do not let any boy get by with a failure without special attention from the committee. The habit that some boys form of neglecting duties is very injurious to their development, and will reflect to their detriment throughout all future life. This special activity roll, of course, will indicate those who are magnifying their Priesthood. Those who are not should be visited by a member of the Lesser Priesthood Committee in their home, and, in conjunction with their parents, encouraged through kindness to come back.

### Fourth Step

**BUILD** up a quorum identity or quorum consciousness. This is very necessary and important, and can be done by adhering to the revealed order of the presidencies of the various quorums. The president with his counselors should take their places in all quorum meetings, and the Lesser Priesthood Committee should have something definitely prepared to give in a quorum capacity. A committee should be appointed to do something in the name of the quorum, such as visiting a sick member; attending as a quorum the funeral of a dead comrade; writing letters to missionaries in the field; giving special parties as a quorum, especially among the priests, as they generally are a live, active organization of boys, and at the right age to give parties. Establish a little fund in the quorum to be used by the boys for small presents for departing missionaries, or for the buying of flowers for special occasions.

### Suggestive Activities for the Priests

(A) Administering at the Sac-

rament table in Sunday School and Sacrament meeting. With the consent and co-operation of the bishop we suggest that this function be placed upon the priests' quorum.

(B) One member of the Lesser Priesthood Committee should see that proper appointment and credit for performance are given. This should be done in a way that the responsibility and duty is distributed evenly among all members of the quorum.

(C) Priests through co-operation with the Stake Baptismal Committee should be given the privilege of performing baptisms.

(D) Under direction of bishop, ordain teachers and deacons.

(E) Members of the priests' quorum, by co-operation with the bishop, should be called upon to open and dismiss the Sacrament meetings.

(F) Priests, in co-operation with the bishop, should be assigned to make five minute talks occasionally in Sacrament meeting, and in Mutual as well. Supervisors should guide and help them in the preparation of these talks.

(G) In the priests' classes assignments mentioned above should be made, and the priests taught the Sacrament blessing so they can repeat it without reading from the card. They should be taught that it is a prayer to God, and not a recitation.

### Suggestive Activities for the Teachers

(A) Visit the saints in company with the regular teachers appointed by the bishop.

(B) Collect fast offerings and ward maintenance every month by visiting the homes of the people. For this a leather or cardboard pouch should be provided that will hold money collected, and a receipt book. On each pouch five or six families should be listed as they live consecutively on a street, and one boy given the responsibility of collecting from those five or six families. This collection of ward maintenance and fast offerings should be done at a specific and definite time, and the Lesser Priesthood Committee should arrange to have the boys return either to the meeting house or their homes to check in on their collections. Receipts should be given to the people where the boys collect.

(C) Act as ushers in ward gatherings.

### Suggestive Activities for the Deacons

(A) Deacons should be regularly assigned to the passing of the Sacrament in Sunday School and Sacrament meeting, and given to understand that a credit is placed after their names for each duty fulfilled, and a circle placed after their name when they fail to perform their duty.

(B) The ward supervisor should see that these boys are trained in the proper method of passing the Sacrament, that no confusion results. The ward supervisor should impress upon these boys that in performing their Sacrament duties they are engaged in the most solemn service of the Church, and all frivolity and laughter should be strictly forbidden.

(C) One deacon assigned to sit beside the bishop on the stand to act as a messenger.

(D) Act as minute men for bishop at all calls made.

### Sixth, Proper Appreciation of the Priesthood

TO my mind this topic is worthy of very careful consideration—not only in the Lesser Priesthood, but in all the quorums of the Church. The authority to officiate in God's Kingdom, and have it binding and acknowledged by the Lord is something exceedingly sacred.

A tentative age limit has been set for young men to be ordained to the Priesthood, but arriving at that age is not the sole qualification—there should be some preparation. Of course, young boys approaching their twelfth year, if they are faithful in their attendance at Sunday School and other organizations and see the work of the deacons being done, especially in a dignified manner, naturally look forward to being honored by a call to that work.

IN our ward where we worked with this Lesser Priesthood activity we had our Lesser Priesthood Committee go into the class where the boys between eleven and twelve years of age were assembled in Sunday School and make a brief talk to those boys to pre-

pare them for the work of the deacons, and when the time came for them to be ordained, this Lesser Priesthood Committee made recommendation to the bishop, and the bishop through the ward clerk had a regular short form letter which he mailed to the boy telling him that the Lesser Priesthood Committee had recommended him for ordination, but before carrying out that ordination the bishop would like to hear from the boy himself, in writing, as to just how he felt about receiving this honor. He was asked to take it up with his parents and get their co-operation, and then be on hand one-half hour before the fast meeting on Sunday to go into conference with the bishop over the matter. Then if everything was favorable the boy was asked to take his place on the stand. When his name was read in the meeting he was to stand up and have the people of the ward vote upon him. By this method he commenced to realize there was some significance, sacredness and responsibility attached to his call as a deacon.

The answers which these boys sent back to their bishop were really inspiring, and very often a few of them were read in the Sacrament meeting, causing tears of joy to come to the parents as they heard read in public the expressions of their boy with reference to this sacred calling.

These details are worth all the time and effort that they require. The same procedure was followed in advancing from the different grades of the Priesthood.

This plan and outline followed for a number of years in our ward solved the problem of holding the boys through the various grades of the Lesser Priesthood, and prepared them to be called as elders when they were advanced into the Melchizedek Priesthood.

The number in attendance during the period of the priests and teachers did not diminish over the attendance during the period of the deacons' quorum.

THE success of this undertaking, of course, will devolve mainly upon the ward supervisor and the co-operation which is given him. In selecting a ward supervisor and two or more assistants, we commend the following qualifications:

(A) A ward supervisor should

be a detail man, dependable, accurate and careful in handling the record of the boys' activities.

(B) He should always be on hand where the boys assemble in order to be one with them, and check up on their activities.

(C) Not a preaching man, and above all, not a scolding man, not too exacting in the matter of his requirements from the boys.

(D) He should be a man who recognizes that you cannot put

"old heads on young shoulders."

(E) He should be a diplomatic man, and guide the boys rather than force or coerce them.

(F) He need not be a preacher, but must be clean in his talk and manners, and a strict observer of the Word of Wisdom.

(G) He should be a man who attends to his Sacrament meetings and his Priesthood quorum in order that he may set a proper example.

(H) He should be a man who really at heart likes the boys, and can mix with them.

The Lord has said that, "If we labor all our life and save but one soul, how great will be our joy in the Kingdom of our Heavenly Father with that soul," and in conclusion let me quote from the sacred record, "Ye who enter into the service of the Lord, see that you do it with all your heart, might, mind and strength."

## Improvement in Ward Teaching

PRESIDENT William A. Hyde of Pocatello stake is preparing monthly messages for the ward teachers of that and adjoining stakes, and in connection with the latest message, he has presented certain suggestions to the ward teachers, as follows:

"To the Teacher:

"This is for you. You have not done your work well, if you act as a peddler only of this leaflet. Study it—get its message if you can, then use your own mind and inspiration in presenting the thought.

"Better to commit to memory if you can the references given. If not, then have your Doctrine and Covenants with you, and from it, read to the people some of the sayings of the Lord.

"You are not a teacher in the fullest sense, unless you try to know your people, and have something to apply to their individual needs. For instance: If you know that a family are not properly observing the Sabbath, say to them as you leave: 'I hope to see you out next Sunday. We are having some splendid Sacrament meetings, you will enjoy coming I am sure.'

"Encourage and bless, and do it out of your own heart. This leaflet is only to open the way."

IN commenting on this plan President Hyde states:

"This leaflet is devised in an attempt to improve the quality of our ward teaching. There is a tendency for the teacher to depend too much upon the leaflets. This is an attempt to try to have some individuality in this work. If we continue this plan, we shall try to analyze

the topics, with the thought in mind to assist the teachers in presenting the message most effectively."

The topic in that stake for the past month is given herewith:

### The Willing Mind

"My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes keep my ways." Thus said a wise man of old. Proverbs 23:26.

"Behold the Lord requireth the heart and a willing mind; and the willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land of Zion in these last days."

"Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness." Doc. and Cov. 58:27 and 64:34. These are the messages to us in this day.

THE Lord has put a premium upon *willing obedience*.

It is a splendid thing that we obey. It is necessary that we keep the commandments, and by living the law of the Lord we shall surely receive a blessing; but more blessed it is to have the *spirit of desire to do something* without being commanded, for it shows the earnest use of our agency. The Lord said: "For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves, and inasmuch as men do good, they shall in no wise lose their reward." Doc. and Cov. 58:28-29. (Read all of reference.)

The man who keeps the commandments of the Lord, only because he

fears him, is not entitled to as much credit or reward, as the man who keeps the commandments because he loves the Lord, and desires with all his heart to serve him. The man who will do more than he is commanded is the valiant man.—to him is given all things. There are others who are limited in their glory and exaltation. "They are they who are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus, wherefore they obtain not the crown over the kingdom of our God." Doc. and Cov. 76:79.

Let us first of all be obedient, then let us strive to get faith sufficient to be enthusiastic and valiant.

There is a call now as always, for the willing and valiant man and woman. They are needed in the Church. They are needed in every department of our work,—the man, who with a smile and a cheerful "yes" accepts an invitation to service—not the man that requires an argument to make him reluctantly consent to do something.

We may not always be permitted to volunteer for any particular work in the Church, but it is given to us to cheerfully accept, when the inspiration of the Lord through his appointed servants, invites us into his service. Read Doc. and Cov. 27:15-18.

Let us first obey the commandments of the Lord so far as we know them, and then let us, with all our might, mind and strength, love and serve him.

## Success in Ward Teaching

THE following letter from Bishop J. Wesley Andersen of Moore ward, Lost River stake, is a splendid example of success in ward teaching:

"Our ward teaching has been so much improved for the last two months over the previous years, that I felt you would like to know how it came about. Our old method of having one young teacher and one older man, or two older brethren, go together has never given such results as

our present method. Last November, we advanced our deacons, teachers and priests and paired them off two and two, and asked them to do 100% ward teaching, with four families to each pair of teachers. We requested that they go out the first Thursday night in each month and spend 10 to 15 minutes in each home, deliver the message, and report any sickness or need in the homes. These young brethren started out the first month (December) and visited 100% of the fam-

ilies, while some of our older brethren did not get their teaching done till toward the last of the month. This month (January) the older brethren, when seeing the results of last month, went on the appointed night, with the result that our ward teaching was performed 100% for this month on the first Thursday night. These young men all sent in complete reports of their visits. This indicates what our young brethren will do when they are given responsibility."

## Aaronic Priesthood Progress

IN order to stimulate the work of the Aaronic Priesthood throughout the various wards, stakes and missions, the following letter has been sent out to the authorities of these various divisions of the Church, and is here presented for the information of all who are concerned with the welfare of that Priesthood:

Dear Brethren:

The success of Aaronic Priesthood training and activity depends primarily upon the stake presidencies and ward bishoprics in the various stakes; and upon the mission presidents, missionaries and branch presidencies in the various missions. Where this important work, under the direction of these presiding officers, is placed directly in the hands of competent, energetic, faithful supervisors, the success of the movement is assured. The Presiding Bishopric have outlined general plans for the holding of weekly Priesthood meetings and for the activities and the lessons to be given. Those

in charge of the various divisions of the Church have the opportunity to use their initiative in applying these plans in the most effective way for the systematic advancement of all these boys and men who bear these sacred callings.

We would urge that, during the next stake conference in each stake, and during the next district conference in each mission, special consideration be given to the progress of the Aaronic Priesthood in whatever way the stake presidencies and mission presidents feel will be most helpful to the members of the Priesthood, to those in charge thereof and to the parents.

During this great Centennial year we appeal to all presiding officers to have every possible effort put forth:

(a) To provide most energetic, spirited, sympathetic supervision of the details of this great work.

(b) To endeavor to bring every member of the Aaronic Priesthood into active, interested service.

(c) To train all members thoroughly and enthusiastically in the performance of all their respective Priesthood duties; in up-standing personal habits; in the application of Gospel principles to their growth in righteousness and capacity; and in faith and devotion to the Church.

The selection as supervisors of men of faith and energy, who are interested in, and helpful to young men, is bound to result in increased activity and devotion of the Priesthood members. The arranging of interesting meetings, making all members welcome, giving everyone some part in the meeting, assigning every member regular duties and encouraging him in the performance of the same, promoting sociability and fine ideals, all help to develop greater diligence.

Wishing you success in this important effort, and with cordial wishes, we are,

Sincerely your brethren,  
The Presiding Bishopric.

## Aaronic Priesthood Suggestions

THE following constructive suggestions for quorum improvement were prepared by the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee of the Ogden stake:

### I. Organization.

- a. Chairman.
- b. Two members for each quorum or class.

### II. Duties.

- a. Weekly meeting of committee, 20 to 30 minutes.
  1. Chairman presides.
  2. Discuss matters pertaining to all of Lesser Priesthood.
  3. Check up on supervisor of each group—class preparation, individual records, stake and Church reports, etc., assignments, attendance, social and fraternal activities.
  4. Suggestions for future betterment, programs, and additional fields for activity.
- b. Weekly meeting of supervisors with quorum officers, 10 to 15 minutes.
  1. Report of assignments filled during past week.
  2. Assignments for coming week, by quorum officers.
  3. Check up of delinquents and report on efforts to remedy conditions, by visits, etc.
  4. Quorum announcements to class, and other business, by quorum officers for coming week.

5. Discussion of social and fraternal work.

### c. Quorum or class meeting.

1. Prayer.
2. Check up of assignments by quorum officers.
3. Assignments for coming week by quorum officers.
4. Check up on secretary as to posting of individual records.
5. Lesson by supervisor.
6. Lesson assignments for following meeting, by supervisor.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUPERVISOR

1. Do not displace quorum officers in presiding and conducting quorum meetings, making or checking assignments, etc.
2. In the priests' or teachers' quorums devote one class period every month or six weeks to practice in the ordinances pertaining to respective officers in the Lesser Priesthood.
3. Be constantly looking for ward activities that may be well assigned to members of the Lesser Priesthood.
4. Check up the individual records frequently to insure that assignments are distributed as much as possible to all members.
5. Devise means for reaching delinquent members.
6. Do not overlook the fraternal and social activities.
7. Never be unprepared with the quorum lesson.

### SUGGESTIVE ASSIGNMENTS

#### For the Priests.

1. Ward teaching.
2. Baptizing.
3. Administration of the sacrament.
4. Talks in sacrament and other meetings.
5. Lesson assignments.
6. Ushering at meetings.
7. Class teaching in Sunday School, Mutual, etc.
8. Officiating or assisting in ordinations.
9. Visiting sick members.

#### For the Teachers.

1. Ward teaching.
2. Passing of sacrament once a month, preferably on Fast Day.
3. Talks and prayers at ward meetings.
4. Messenger service for the bishopric.
5. Lesson assignments.
6. Visiting sick members.
7. Ushering at meetings.

#### For the Deacons.

1. Collection of fast offerings and ward donations.
2. Passing of sacrament.
3. Messenger service for the bishopric.
4. Lesson assignments.
5. Prayers and talks in ward meetings.
6. Collecting food and clothing for poor.
7. Visiting sick members.



# MUTUAL WORK



## General Superintendency

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Secretary:  
ELSIE HOGAN

## Community Activity Committee Course of Study

MARCH 4

1. Discuss music of Stephens Collins Foster, found in *Young Woman's Journal* for October, 1929, page 704.
2. Discuss "Home Songs," *Young Woman's Journal* for October, 1929, page 706.

MARCH 11

Consider and discuss Music and Drama in the Home, page 334, March Era.

### Musical Dramatization

MARCH 18

Setting—Camp on the Plains.  
Time—End of a day's journey.  
Characters—Pioneer company: Captain, Representative of various countries.

**Captain:** We have made a long hard march today, but the dust and heat are all forgotten now. Am I right, my friends?

**First Convert:** The cool night breeze blows away unpleasant recollections.

**Second Convert:** The evening meal was heartening, too.

**Third Convert:** And for many days we have not had such good refreshing water as we have found here.

**Fourth Convert:** Food and water, work and play, love and prayer and slumber! These things fill a man's heart full to overflowing.

**Captain:** Food and drink we have had this day; love and prayer we carry with us ever; slumber is waiting to enfold us in its gentle arms; but first we must take an hour to play.

**First Voice:** Are we not too weary for such? Of what use is it?

**Captain:** Its use is to complete the day, that no one shall go to rest without recreation of spirit and lightness of heart.

**Second Voice:** All is well.

**Captain:** All is well, but we sometimes fail to realize that it is. We see things in a distorted way unless we have cast aside for a moment the cares

that beset us. Our leader, Brigham Young, has told us to do this, that hardship and trials shall lose their terrors, and we shall be able to face each day with renewed courage.

**Third Voice:** It is right. Let us start the music.

(Music of old dance is played. *Arkansas Traveler* or *Turkey in the Straw*, group may dance, if desired.)

**Fourth Voice:** Strange it is that worn and weary as we are, we should find rest and relaxation in strenuous exercise.

**Woman of the company:** It is the sociability, the rhythm, the music which rest us, for they make us forget that we are tired.

**First Voice:** Is it with you as it is with me—that dancing the dances of this America, and hearing the music, carries you back to the music of your own native land.

**Second Voice:** I was thinking when you spoke of our beautiful English festivals. The green stretches of lawn, the dainty figures we danced together, will ever remain clear in my memory. (Music of "Country Gardens" begins.) The steps of our English dances are graceful running ones, and the movement of the line of dancers carries them in and out in graceful figure until the whole thing fills the heart with joy and the atmosphere with melody.

**Third Voice:** Ah, yes. It would indeed be a sight beautiful to behold. The loveliness of one's own country never fades from memory, but becomes ever more and more vivid. To me it is the sound of music which best brings back to me the enchantment and witchery of youth. All the romance of my beloved France is in the lovely Minuet. (Music of Beethoven's *Minuet in G* begins.) The delicate charm of it is a thing to put heart into even these days of hardship.

**Fourth Voice:** The Minuet—but I wish you could know the warmth and color of our Spanish music. It wraps the dancers in its own spirit just as the melody of the wind sways the flowers and the trees. (Music of *Habanera* has begun quietly half way

through speech, and grows louder as words cease).

**Fifth Voice:** In Vienna we love the waltz. (Music of *Blue Danube Waltz* begins.) The Blue Danube is music that fills us with rapture, as though it had become a very part of us. Listen to the beauty of its strains—but even then you cannot know, as I know, the inspiration of the beautiful river, which flows and ripples as does the music. The trees, the water, the friendliness of the people—all of those come back to me with this music. (Music has been playing low; now it becomes louder.)

**Fifth Voice:** In our Hungarian land there are dances expressive of the play spirit which fills the hearts of the boys and girls when they have finished a day's work. The Grief dance of the Hungarians—have you ever seen that danced? The music is full of gaiety at first (music begins), and the dancers glide first to one side and then to the other. They are merry and joyous, but suddenly a messenger comes to tell them that the king is dead. Then they grieve, for they love the king and are very sorrowful. But the messenger had forgotten to add that the king has left them all his money—and when they learn that, their grief is somehow suddenly lightened, and they are again very happy, (music of Grief Dance ceases). But that music does not express the soul of the people—the beauty-loving, artistic nature of my Hungary. (Music of Brahms' *Hungarian Rhapsodie* begins and plays as long as desired.)

**Sixth Voice:** No dance that I have ever seen has the same magic as the Tarantelle. Long ago it was a dance of magic (Tarantelle music begins.) The poor peasants of Italy suffered terribly because of the deadly tarantula, but they found that they could dispel the poison of its bite by going into this wild dance. (Music finishes.)

**Seventh Voice:** All that we have heard is beautiful, without question, but to me only the music of one land can reach heights and depths. (Grieg's *Spring* is played, softly, throughout

the remainder of the speech). Our Norwegian music carries in its measures the yearnings, the heartache, the glorious sadness of the Norse people; and through it all you can hear the sighing of the winds through the forests; the splash of the waters of the fjords against the rocks, and the brave spirit of a people whose lives are lived under difficulties.

*First Voice:* How strange a thing it is that we who are sacrificing homes, families, and all that we have held dear for our new religion, regard dancing as a power for good. The church to which my parents belonged abhorred the dance as a thing of evil.

*Captain:* Do you not know that dancing was early a part of religious worship? David, the Bible tells us, danced before the Lord, and was thankful that the Lord had turned for him his mourning into dancing.

*Second Voice:* And a prophet of old exhorted the people to praise God with music and in the dance. All things which turn the heart toward good, and fill the soul with the joy of living are a part of our religion.

*Third Voice:* And our leader has told us many times that it is possible always to dance in a spirit which could in a moment be turned to prayer.

*Fourth Voice:* The music of the dances of your native lands has filled my heart with a sweet pain, and my eyes with grateful tears. And through the tears I can see ahead a vision of the happiness which is to be ours in the promised land, when we shall reach the valleys of the mountains. And I can see that with all the beautiful dances of our old homes, we should be able to create more beautiful ones still.

*First Voice:* In our new life, I am sure that music and dancing will find place, and I too am sure that out of those of our many lands shall be born new ideals and new achievements. Perhaps our children, in years to come, will stand out as a light, for their dances will be of their own making, and more beautiful than ever dances have been before.

*New Voice* (in prophetic tone): As you speak, I recall a dream which I have had. And even now it again unfolds before my eyes. It is a mirage, certainly, but very clear and beautiful—I see—

*First Voice:* Go on. Tell us what it is you see.

*New Voice:* I see a happy and prosperous people in valleys surrounded by snow-capped peaks, and with a great lake at their feet. I see a beautiful structure rising from the midst of the waters, shining and warm in the light of the setting sun. There are thousands of people gathered there to watch their young folks dance, in friendly contest. The dance they are doing is their own—beautiful in grace and figure and rhythm. Girls in colorful dresses, and boys in somber black are both aglow with the light of good-

ness and happiness. Life is giving to them her best.

*Second Voice:* Not a mirage, perhaps, my friend. Not a dream—but a reality which may come to pass when the children of the Pioneers who danced on the lonely plains, and their children's children shall assemble to dance for joy. And when that day comes, and thousands of boys and girls and men and women shall know the beauty that life can give to those who have learned to appreciate it, then the trials and hardships of these days shall not have been lived in vain.

*Third Voice:* Sacrifices are not hard if they are to result in the establishment of a happy and contented people.

(Music of the Contest Dance—Victor Herbert's *Gypsy Sweetheart*, is played during last speech, and concludes as curtain falls.)

Note: The music referred to above can be obtained on records if desired, or the music director of the ward might arrange for the pieces to be played by various musicians. Other numbers representative of the music of different countries might be substituted.

## Drama

MARCH 25

Early in the season, several kinds of plays and play selections were topics for discussion in the Community Activity Committee meetings. Now that the project is well under way—is in fact completed in some stakes, the matter of stage equipment has presented itself as a problem of major importance.

How best to improve our equipment, how best to work with the equipment available are questions calling for immediate answers, if dramatic activity is to become an influential factor in our recreation.

To start with the question—How best can we improve our equipment?

Throughout the Church, new recreation halls are being built. Church expansion makes this necessary. The uses to which such buildings can be put must determine the nature of their structure. Since drama is recognized as an important—nay essential—factor in the community's life, the recreation hall should be adequately designed and fitted to make worthwhile drama possible. The hall will be used for dancing and other forms of entertainment and this must be held in mind.

The average architect, particularly church and school architects, have not gone carefully into the architectural requirements of dramatic presentation; consequently the Community Activity Committee should vitally concern themselves in the planning of recreation halls. That is, they should acquaint themselves with the physical necessities and steel themselves against the elo-

quent onslaughts of architects who believe that "such an added footage" or "such an offstage arrangement" will spoil the architectural beauty. Remember the architect worth-while is the one who will honestly recognize

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the needs when pointed out to him, and combine those needs into a thing of beauty.

A stage should be not less than 30 feet deep from proscenium arch to back wall. (The stage of a regular theatre should be at least 45 ft. deep.)

The width of the proscenium arch should not exceed 30 ft. There should be at least 15 ft. clearance on each side of the stage from the proscenium opening to the side walls. (A regular theatre should have room to set a complete stage on either side of the proscenium.)

There should be a large door opening

from the outside directly onto the stage. (In one well known recreation hall in Salt Lake City the only entrance to the stage is by a narrow winding stair!—so narrow and tortuous that a large arm chair cannot be carried up it.)

The distance from the top of the proscenium to the top of the stage should exceed by not less than five feet, the distance from the top of proscenium to the stage floor. To persuade architects that this is true is most difficult.

There should be at least two large

dressing rooms each equipped with lavatory and wash bowl. Where only two dressing rooms are built they should be sufficiently ample to accommodate fifteen persons each. That is, there should be 10 make-up tables and 10 mirrors properly lighted in each room. These rooms should be easily accessible from the stage.

There should be ample room for scenery and property storage.

The stage floor should be made of soft wood—never, never of hard wood, and it is well to have two or three traps cut in it.

The switch board should be a theatre switch board and not a tumbler switch board. Light cues often come during a quiet scene; the loud and very audible clanking of a tumbler switch (all too commonly found even in our latest and best and most costly recreation halls) is so helpful in producing the illusion that the moon has just been turned on! The switch-board should be supplied with dimmers.

The stage should be wired adequately and the floor supplied with not less than four stage pockets.

These are structural problems which must be met at the time of planning and construction.

Regarding movable equipment—scenery, set props, lights, etc.—these must be supplied by the genius of the production management as the economic status of the situation will permit. Too often the apparently prohibitive cost of a standard spotlight has dissuaded the production management from using a spotlight. This is too bad, and leads us to second question: How best to work with equipment available?

A very creditable spotlight can be made with a small lard pail, 100 watt electric globe, a standard socket and a length of ordinary extension cord. The last two items are easily obtainable at Kress' or Woolworth's. On the same principle a satisfactory flood-light may be made with a National Biscuit Co. can and a triple socket. Colors may be produced either by using colored globes or cutting a square hole in the lid of the can and fitting it with a gelatine screen.

Cretonne coverings can give dilapidated ward furniture a park avenue air.

Small shot rolled over the surface of a snare drum gives an excellent illusion of the surf rolling up the beach.

A large volume could be written on "Adequate staging with what you have."

The foregoing suggestions are given merely to stimulate further study of the problem. From the point of view of recreation and community activity, not the least good in drama is to be derived from the solution of these

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equipment problems. The actor is not the only one in the show.

Recently, a certain road show act was criticised by certain of the uninitiate "because there were only 3 persons in the show." As a matter-of-fact, there were but 3 actors, but the staging and lighting of the act required the trained work of 14 persons (not including those responsible for transportation) and those 14 persons profited by their activity. The making of a switch board, the operation

of off-stage effects, etc., was worthwhile community activity.

Bibliography.  
Ray Mitchell—*The School Theater*.  
Milton Smith—*Book of Play Production*.  
John Dolman—*The Art of Play Production*.  
Emerson Taylor—*Practical Play Directions for Amateurs*.  
A. E. Krows—*Equipment for Stage Productions*.  
A. E. Krows—*Play Production in America*.

## Adult Department

### COMMITTEE

A. L. Beeley; Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen J. F. Merrill F. S. Harris  
L. T. Cannon L. L. Daines R. W. Bennett M. C. Kimball A. M. Cannon

### Calendar for Adult Women's Department

#### MARCH

Mar. 4—Notable Mothers of Scripture: Jezebel.

Mar. 11—Abundant Life for the Adult Woman: Prevention of Nervous and Mental Diseases (Part II.)

Mar. 18—Home—*Spiritual Atmosphere of the Home* (Lesson 27, Gleaner Manual.)

Mar. 25—Society and Personality: *The Influence of One Personality Upon Another*.

#### APRIL

Apr. 1—Notable Mothers of Scripture: Sarah.

Apr. 8—Abundant Life for the Adult Woman: *Health and Faith*.

Apr. 15—Home: *The Homemakers Interests Outside of the Home*. (Lesson 28, Gleaner Manual.)

Apr. 22—Society and Personality: *Suggestions for the Control of Personality Development*.

Apr. 29—Open.

#### MAY

May 6—Notable Mothers of Scripture: Elizabeth.

May 13—Notable Mothers of Scripture: Mary.

May 20—Review or Testimony Bearing.

May 27—Social.

## M Men Department

### COMMITTEE

Herbert B. Maw, Chairman John F. Bowman Thos. A. Beal  
Oscar W. Carlson Alma C. Clayton Homer Warner

## M Men Notes

### Contest Activities

The ability to make others see and feel as you would have them do is one of the most beneficial accomplishments of life. To do this one must be able to project one's own feelings, thoughts, and personality. Public speaking trains the youth to acquire this talent. It gives him courage to face an audience and endows him with ability to make others want to listen to him. This gives him self-confidence that will go with him through life. Have you ever thought of what it would mean to you

in your daily life if you could say exactly what you wanted to say and could say it in such way that others would want to listen to you? Think of what that would mean to you in business, social, and religious activities. The M. I. A. public speaking contests offer you an opportunity to take a step in that direction. Take part with the idea of helping yourself.

To be able to act well, one must read well. He who learns to read effectively acquires an ability to express

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exact meanings when he talks. He learns to speak so that others understand exactly what he says. The M. I. A. drama contests will help you to develop along this line.

### M Men Code

Ogden 12th Ward.

As an M Man of the Ogden 12th Ward, I stand firmly for the building of manhood. I realize that a warped personality becomes either an ennui or a burden upon society, and that a well balanced development can only come through purposeful activity in diverse fields. Therefore, I will endeavor to:

1st. *Build a clean, strong and healthy body,*

(a) By vitalizing it with an abundance of fresh air.

(b) By building and energizing it with pure food.

(c) By cleaning it at regular and frequent intervals.

(d) By keeping it fit with wholesome sport and vigorous exercise, and,

(e) By restoring it with adequate rest.

I will do this because a healthy body is the resting place of a strong mind, and it is the first requisite for the happiness of my family and myself.

2nd. *Develop a strong mind:*

(a) By making the choicest bits of literature of all ages my intimate companions.

(b) By forming close personal contacts with the strongest minds of my opportunity.

(c) By doing such reflective and cre-

ative thinking as will stimulate me onward and upward, and,

(d) By keeping my mind open to the changes and progressions of science, art and literature, because unreasonable prejudice prior to investigation keeps a person in everlasting ignorance.

I will do this because a strong mind is necessary to insure happiness and the necessities of life.

3rd. *To build a social conscience:*

(a) By living with and for my fellow men.

(b) By developing a spirit of patience, tolerance and justice.

(c) By turning back into society a contribution to the great storehouse which was my heritage.

I will do this because I cannot live a worthy life unto myself.

4th. *To build a humble and reverent spirituality:*

(a) By seeking a knowledge of these things that he would have us do, and,

(b) By placing myself in harmony with his teachings.

I will do this because I recognize God as my Father to whom I owe thanks, and from whom I may ask blessings.

In brief, I believe in my God because I need spiritual uplift; myself, because in me is the ego of a God; and my country, from which I receive liberty and pursuit of happiness.

I believe it is my sacred duty to use my influence for good among men and to leave something to my posterity.

By being thus vigorously active in these fields of endeavor, I hope to develop a four square personality and a manhood of unimpeachable quality.

## M Men - Gleaners Department

### COMMITTEE

Combined M Men and Gleaner Committees

### A Few Suggestions

1. We recommend for the months of April and May competition between M Men and Gleaners in such contest activities as Music, Public Speaking and the Drama, to stimulate the contest work. These programs may be interspersed with demonstrations of the contest dance. Debates would also add interest.

2. Why not hold your M Men and Gleaner banquets together this year? We are sure a trial, with each group equally interested and active, will

prove that more enjoyment can be obtained jointly. At this time it would be well to have the newspaper. Details will be found in the February Era.

3. Don't forget our project: "I will contribute each day to the honor and happiness of my home." If the little playlet found in the August number of the *Young Woman's Journal* has not already been given, we urge that it be used to carry forward the project.

## Gleaner Girls Department

### COMMITTEE

Grace C. Neslen      Emily H. Higgs, Chairman      Martha G. Smith  
Rachel G. Taylor

### Binding Gospel Sheaves

Before the M. I. A. season closes this year, every girl should have taken ad-

vantage of the opportunity to gather and bind a Gospel sheaf. Inspiration

should have come to her in such measure that she would feel the year incomplete without her offering of the sheaf of spiritual life. Let each leader also realize the exquisite joy which comes through the perfect binding of such a sheaf.

Have in your group such a splendid testimony meeting that the memory of its spiritual uplift will linger as a benediction in the lives of the Gleaner Girls. A meeting of this nature needs preparation—not preparation of the exact words to be uttered, but prayerful preparation of mind, that all participating may ask and receive the Spirit of God.

Most testimonies are not the product of a moment, a month or a year, but the accumulated result of gradual growth and development. And all do not receive them in the same manner, or regard them in the same way. To one a certain incident or belief may become a strong part of her testimony while to another the same thing might have little or no import. Look into your own lives and hearts, and discover there the truths which contribute to your faith. Analyze your thoughts and ideals and clarify for yourselves the points upon which you base your testimony. Then go to your class, and tell the other girls of the things you have been pondering. The first expression of spiritual awakening may be likened to a child learning to walk. Its steps are wavering, and it clings to

a guiding hand, but gradually, after many trials, it learns to walk with confidence alone.

Help the members of the group to bring to mind and express their appreciation of the blessings the Gospel has brought to them. Use suggestions, questions and your own testimonies as tools to bring to light the precious gems buried in the hearts of the youth of Zion.

(Read "A Gleaner Message," page 368.)

### Gleaner Calendar

#### APRIL

April 1—1st period: Lesson 26. (Gleaner Manual, p. 37.) 2nd period: Joint session with M Men. (Contests.)  
April 8—1st period: Lesson 27. (Gleaner Manual, p. 41.) 2nd period: Question Box.

April 15—1st and 2nd periods: Contest activities.

April 22—1st period: Lesson 28. (Gleaner Manual, p. 44.) 2nd period: Contest activities.

April 29—1st period: Testimony meeting. 2nd period: Contest activities.

#### MAY

May 6—1st period: Lesson 29. (Gleaner Manual, p. 47.) 2nd period: Joint with M Men.

May 13—1st period: Review of year's Course of Study. 2nd period: Question Box.

May 20—1st period: Review concluded. 2nd period: Optional.

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## Junior Girls Department

### COMMITTEE

May Booth Talmage, Chairman  
Agnes S. Knowlton  
Laura P. Nicholson  
Julia S. Baxter  
Marie C. Thomas

### Special Testimony Meetings

Beginning with the spring of 1920 and ending in 1930, our Church will have celebrated the hundredth anniversary of four outstanding events in its history.

1. The vision given to Joseph Smith in which the personality of God and his Son Jesus Christ was again revealed to man.

2. The coming forth of the Book of Mormon.

3. The restoration of the Priesthood.

4. The establishment of the true Church of Christ on earth in latter days.

A centenary of any specific event occurs but once in the lives of modern people, and the importance of the anniversary is measured by the value of the event or achievement celebrated.

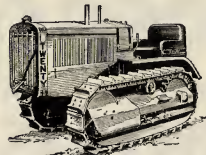
It is hoped that members of the Junior Department will feel impelled to investigate, through conversations with parents or other relatives, or by delving into family histories and rec-

ords, to learn how deeply their own and their ancestors' lives have been influenced by this restored Gospel.

Leaders and members alike should analyze their own feelings to ascertain if they believe with all their souls that Joseph Smith was in very truth a prophet, and that his first vision was indeed a reality; that the Book of Mormon is a sacred record brought forth by divine ministration; and that the authority to speak and act in the name of God has been restored to earth in this dispensation.

The Lord has promised to those who read the Book of Mormon with sincerity and a desire to know of its genuineness, that a testimony shall be given them, and the knowledge thus obtained will allay all doubts concerning the other three subjects.

If leaders are thrilled by their own conviction, they will inspire their girls with a desire to obtain for themselves this priceless knowledge, and with a



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## SEGO MILK



At Your

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testimony there comes also the determination to conform one's life to the Gospel standard.

That there may be a genuine spiritual awakening among our Junior girls at this auspicious time, it is suggested that in April and May, the activity period on the fourth Tuesday shall be used for testimony meetings, not meetings of the ordinary type which may or may not be soul-satisfying; but the kind that have been planned by leaders who have sought divine guidance and eagerly awaited, by members who come with prayerful hearts to get a blessing from the Lord.

Leaders should begin at once by an inspirational explanation and an assignment. Divide the girls into three groups, and ask them to search diligently for material that will strengthen and develop testimony.

Unusual instances of healing—of special protection, of fulfilled prophecy, etc., abound in the literature of our Church, much of which our girls have never heard.

Personal conversations with pioneers or with those who have filled missions will usually bring forth instances that are all too rarely mentioned.

Joseph Smith's testimony and that first marvelous vision came before he had reached what we now term "Junior age," because he was earnestly seeking truth and wisdom from the Lord.

As a fitting individual commemoration of this centenary let each Junior girl strive with equal fervor to obtain the knowledge for herself that the Church of which she is a member is in very truth the Church of Christ.

(See "Faith-promoting Incidents," page 360.)

### The Spring Festival

The "Spring Festival" scheduled for April, as the yearly activity to be sponsored by the Junior girls, will afford opportunity for initiative and individuality. So eager are some of the girls for this event that plans are already made and have been sent for our approval. In preparing for this occasion there should be no feeling of duty or burden. Spring Festivals and Junior girls sound almost like twin joys and the ones who plan should radiate gladness and cheer in the planning and in the event itself. It is suggested that both our Project and our Travelogue may be featured. Holland, famous the world over for its spring blossoms, would serve beautifully as a subject. Tulips, hyacinths and daffodils should be in bloom by April and furnish lovely decorations. The girls if so desired, might dress in Dutch costumes, suggestions for making such are furnished by Dennison dealers everywhere.

A five minute talk on the bulb industry in Holland and one on windmills and their uses, would be illuminating.

For a rather pretentious affair a booth constructed in the form of a windmill would be an attractive place from which to dispense refreshments, a Dutch supper.

The regular dancing might be interspersed by a Dutch reading, clog or folk dance, etc., to give color to the occasion. Japan with its cherry blossom setting and quaint costumes would be equally charming, as would Mexico or the Pacific Islands, or if you prefer it, just take your blossoms, your well planned program and have your own national setting; and represent our lovely American girlhood, than which there is none lovelier in the whole wide world. An abundance of music suggestive of spring, is of easy access. Use Junior choruses if possible in musical numbers.

"To a Wild Rose"—McDowell.

"Spring Song"—Mendelssohn.

"When It's Springtime in the Rockies".

"Spring"—Grieg.

### Spring

The spring months are so full of nature's beauty that not a single Junior leader should miss the opportunity to impress the girls with their good fortune in being alive. Renewed life and growth are on every hand—grass, flowers, birds, rivers all at their loveliest. Spring surely proves the handiwork of a Creator and all the skepticism of unbelievers seems pathetic in the face of spring's triumphant proof. The poetry this month is all of spring, and would add to the spirit of the Festival.

### Suggestive Stories for Junior Contests

Esther—Bible.

Ruth—Bible.

The Other Wise Man—Van Dyke.

Conversion of Saul—New Testament.

Where Love is there God is also—Tolstoi.

5th chapter of Helaman, Book of Mormon. Also account by Geo. Reynolds in "Story of Book of Mormon."

Prepared story will be furnished from General Board office upon receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### Junior Calendar

APRIL

April 1—First period: Lesson 26.—Courtship. (Journal, March, 1929, p. 220.) Second period: Project. Discuss article "Raising of Flowers," in Feb. Era.

April 8—First period: Lesson 27—Marriage. (Journal, March, 1929, p. 225.) Second period: Testimony meeting. (See note in present issue.)

April 15—Use both periods for final special travelogue and musical numbers. (See January Era, p. 232.)

April 22—First period: Select for review lessons from Nos. 1-13. Second period: Final question box.

April 29—Both periods: Contest practice in music and retold story.

MAY

May 6—First period: Retold story.

try-outs. Second period: Testimony meeting.

May 13—First Period: Select for review lessons from Nos. 14-29. Second period: Contest practice.

May 20—Both periods: Invite all pioneers of ward and have a thoroughly pre-

pared book review—"A Lantern in Her Hand." (Let girls discuss parts that impressed them most, and pioneers add personal pioneer reminiscences. Book dramatization in wards where not already held.) See Aug. Journal, p. 510.  
May 27—Open.

## Bee Hive Girls Department

### COMMITTEE

Catherine Folsom, Chairman  
Elsie Hogan Sarah R. Cannon Vida F. Clawson Glenn J. Beeley

The Bee-Hive Committee is glad to hear of progress being made in the missions. We are sorry that space will not permit publishing in full two letters recently received from the Central States mission. Mary Carter, a missionary and Bee-Keeper, writes that a swarm of nine Bee-Hive girls was organized in the Topeka branch of the Central States mission, last March. One of the outstanding activities during the year was a banquet given in honor of their mothers, which was very successful; also a bazaar given in December. She states that these girls are energetic workers and are very happy and interested in their Bee-Hive work, and one thing which the girls have learned is that they cannot get something for nothing. It is a fine lesson, indeed, to have learned, and we congratulate this swarm of girls for the splendid work they are doing.

Sister Ruth Pace, a lady missionary of the Leavenworth branch, Central States mission writes that she has a swarm of ten Bee-Hive girls, which she is very proud of. These girls are known as the Hollyhock Swarm and strive to live up to their symbol, which means "ambition," for she reports that last year the girls gave a large bazaar, selling fancy work, aprons, woven straw baskets, of their own handwork, also served a light lunch, and cleared \$51.00. With part of this money the girls purchased song books and presented to the Sunday School, thus carrying out the Bee-Hive girls' motto "Give Service." She states also that these girls are organized into a fine Bee-Hive chorus, and their music is much appreciated in the branch. Through their activities the girls have interested non-members, whose homes have been opened to the missionaries. Surely they are to be commended, and we are sure they "Feel Joy" through the fine things they have accomplished.

### Calendar for April

#### Builders:

April 1st—Guide XXVI. Beauty of Person.

April 8th—Guide XXVII. Scrap Books.

April 15th—Guide XXVIII. Open for your Planning.

April 22nd—Review and Checking.  
April 29th—Preparation for Tests.

#### Gatherers:

Feel Joy.  
Bee-Keepers' Service.  
A Social, picnic or excursion with out-door games if possible.  
Review and checking.  
Preparation of tests for graduation.

It is strongly urged that the stake conduct a test for the Gatherers and that the ward Bee-Keepers be informed at an early date, the points on which the girls are to be tested for graduation. We feel that some test should also be conducted for the Builders, either by the stake or ward, before they receive promotion to the second rank. We suggest that the month of May be used for preparation for the Day of the Swarm.

On the last page of the Supplement to the M. I. A. Hand Book for 1929-30 is a diagram showing details of Bee-Hive work. Now is a splendid time to check with each Bee-Hive girl in your swarm and ascertain just how she stands in relation to finished rank. This check should be two-fold. First—is the girl doing thorough work, in line with the project, putting her best effort into it? Second, by the end of this season, will she have completed all of the requirements? If some girl has been a little backward in her work there is yet time to urge and help her to accomplish what she set out to do at the opening of Mutual, as well as to encourage all to continue on and finish the work. Whether they are Builders trying to earn the first rank and then begin as Gatherers, or Gatherers working to graduate and likely striving to earn all their bee lines and merit badges, thus attaining the title Keeper of the Bees, they all need inspiration and enthusiasm from their Bee-Keepers now, and in increasing quantity to the end of the season, with a big finale on Swarm Day.

How are your plans for contest working out? Which events did you select—scrap books, retold stories, folk dance, homecrafts? Has each girl in your swarm entered into at least one of these events? As announced at June

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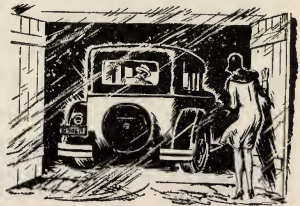
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Conference, much latitude is allowed in contests in the Bee-Hive Department this year. The committee is anxious that every Bee-Hive girl shall have taken part in one or another, or several of the activities suggested. See Hand Book Supplement 1929-30, page 46, also *Young Woman's Journal*, August, 1929, page 551.

If the Bee-Hive Girls were all like me,  
What kind of a girl would each one be?  
I hope the kind that's clean and sweet,  
The kind we're always glad to meet,  
Trying to please her mother and dad,  
Trying to help make other folks glad.  
If the Bee-Hive Girls were all like me,  
What kind of a girl would each one be?

If the Bee-Hive Girls were all like me,  
What kind of a swarm would our swarm be?

Like one united swarm of bees,  
Gathering knowledge from birds and trees?  
Scattering service, love, and cheer,  
Doing our best while we are here?  
If the Bee-Hive Girls were all like me,  
What kind of a swarm would our swarm be?

If the Bee-Hive Girls were all like me,  
What kind of a stake would our stake be?  
Would our stake lead? Say, "Follow me,  
And you will always happy be?"  
Carrying on what the pioneers  
Brought to us through struggling years?  
If the Bee-Hive Girls were all like me,  
What kind of a stake would our stake be?

If the Bee-Hive Girls are all like me,  
What kind of a Church will our Church be?

Developing faith in every soul?  
Working as one united whole,  
To save mankind, to gain salvation,  
Striving to reach high exaltation?  
If the Bee-Hive Girls are all like me,  
What kind of a Church will our Church be?

Catherine Folsom, Chairman Bee-Hive Committee, General Board.

## Uniforms

Definition—A dress of uniform style and appearance worn by persons belonging to some body, company, corps or rank, which distinguishes them as members of that body from persons who are not members.

History—While badges of identification have been worn at all epochs and while the followers of a lord often wore the livery of their master, the use of a uniform costume by large bodies of men was unknown until the modern era of large standing armies. The first advance beyond temporary badges was the use of a colored scarf to identify the various brigades of the Swedish army under Gustavus Adolphus. This device spread readily. The danger of the use of such simple devices by an enemy soon led to the adoption of a more or less definite uniform. Early in the 18th century it was well established. Changes in the styles followed experience and information gained during each war. The service uniforms worn by all armies in the field at the present time are designed for comfort, usefulness and inconspicuousness.

Bee-Hive Girls' Uniform—The Bee-Hive Girls' uniform was designed with most of these ideas in mind and carrying out bee-hive symbolism. The tie is blue—the bees' favorite color, the hat is brown and made in six sections representing the hexagonal cell, and may be trimmed with a gold cord, the three bee-hive colors. The emblems and symbols are worn on the left sleeve. Beginning near the top is placed the bee-hive with a violet on either side and the bee above; following on down is the girl's symbol, swarm symbol, merit badges and bee lines in a particular order.

Bee-Hive Girls are proud to wear the same uniform as their Bee-Keeper wears. Bee-Keepers who are interested in the uniform will find, and make, opportunities for the girls to wear them and help make them popular, thus preaching Bee-Hive organization. The following suggestions for times and places to use the uniform are offered: at all Bee-Hive meetings and gatherings, especially when awards are given; as ushers for M. I. A. union meetings and quarterly conference meetings, drama productions, socials, etc.; as assistants at banquets; while performing various acts of service, and particularly when filling cells.

Z. C. M. I. sells the uniform complete, ready made for \$5.00. A lighter weight material is now available at the General Board office, same price as formerly—35c per yard, 3 yards for \$1.00.

### Points of Judgment for Bee-Hive Contest

#### RETOLD STORY

1. *Choice of Story.*
  - (a) Vivid dramatic action.
  - (b) Little or no explanation.
  - (c) Description should be brief and colorful.
2. *Originality.*
  - (a) Story not memorized but told in girl's own words, with interesting parts quoted.
3. *Mechanics of Story-telling.*
  - (a) Voice (natural pitch) (enunciate clearly).
  - (b) Posture (relaxation).
4. *Attention and Interest.*
  - (a) Did the story hold the attention of the audience?
  - (b) Was the story clear and easy to follow?

#### FOLK DANCE

"On the Road to Auvergne" a French dance song arranged by G. K. Colby of Columbia University.

1. *Appearance.*
  - (a) Appropriate costume, such as Bee-Hive outfit with sport or gym shoes or sport outfit. (Deduction to be made for high heel shoes).
2. *Character.*
  - (a) French folk dance or dance song.
  - (b) To be done with dramatization and pantomime. (Deduction with score.)

## MISS-LOU SHRIMP

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As charming in coloring as in flavor, shrimps lend themselves admirably to the decorative arrangements, their pink contrasting pleasingly with the green of lettuce or parsley.

Once you try Miss-Lou Shrimp you will appreciate the wide utility no less than their attraction as a food and the ease with which they may be served.

#### SHRIMP SALAD

Season one can of Miss-Lou Shrimp well with salt and pepper; chop a few pieces celery well with a little onion, and add. Pour over this mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with sliced hard boiled eggs, lemon, beets and celery tops.

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### 3. Correctness.

- (a) Music—to be played as written.  
(b) Dance step—to be done as written.

### 4. Per cent of swarm taking part.

Judges should be given description of dance and familiarize themselves with it.

## Leisure Hours

(Continued from page 338)

"Children are over-stimulated by the pace which grown-ups force them to follow in their own thoughtless pursuit of amusement," said Mrs. Thos. A. Edison who also emphasized the value of helping children to discover hob-

bies which will teach them the joy of accomplishment. Her message to recreation directors was, "One of the most important things this group can do is to show young people that the best things in life are free."

## Your Afterself

YOUR first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that the man you ought to be may in his time be possible, be actual. Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased, a will untrained to action, a spinal cord grown through and through with devil grass and wild oats.

Will you let him come and take his place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friend-

ships, hallowed through your joys; building on them his own?

Or will you fling it all away, decreeing wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?

This is your problem in life—the problem which is vastly more to you than any or all others. How will you meet it? As a man or as a fool? It comes before you today and every day and the hour of your choice is the crisis in your destiny.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

### Suggested Faith-promoting Incidents

Raised from the Dead—*Improvement Era*, September and October, 1929.

Life of Karl G. Maeser—page 25.

A Case of Healing—*Young Woman's Journal*, September, 1923, page 475.

A Day of Miracles—*Children's Friend*, December, 1929.

## Monthly Report of Accomplishments January, 1930

Y. M. M. I. A.

STAKES	Avg. At- tendance	Week by Week Program					Projects	Gold and Green Ball	Sunday Meeting
		Adult Dept.	M Men	Vanguard	Scout				
Bear Lake	27	56	56	9	37	37	56	64	
Bear River	92	34	34	58	32	34	100	100	
Cache	25	88	75	25	75	63	100	88	
Cassia	100	100	80	....	100	69	100	100	
Eastern States Mission	78	55	....	....	....	12	18	....	
Emery	22	65	44	33	44	22	44	44	
Ensign	88	100	100	50	100	88	100	100	
Minidoka	....	25	25	....	37	37	37	....	
No. Sanpete	40	100	100	40	30	80	100	100	
N. W. States Mission	64	80	48	16	32	64	48	80	
Onesida	28	82	58	19	73	58	46	73	
Pocatello	40	70	80	30	50	60	70	....	
Portneuf	11	44	44	....	44	33	44	33	
Salt Lake	15	100	80	15	75	66	100	100	
Sevier	80	100	30	80	100	100	100	100	
Taylor	33	50	50	50	50	33	50	50	
Weber	23	67	67	34	78	67	89	89	
Young	50	25	25	25	25	25	...	25	

## Y. L. M. I. A.

STAKES	Avg. Attendance	Week by Week Program					Projects	Gold and Green Ball	Society Junior Meeting
		Adult	Gleaner	Junior	Bee-Hive	Write			
Alberta .....	40	50	80	80	60	40	50	50	
Alpine .....	83	100	66	83	83	60	100	83	
Blackfoot .....	59	77	59	77	77	45	30	80	
Blackrock .....	11	38	22	22	11	11	38	83	
Bear Lake .....	36	64	46	36	64	55	66	64	
Bear River .....	42	68	34	59	76	85	33	100	
Beaver .....	65	65	66	66	66	60	33	66	
Benson .....	14	71	57	64	64	43	100	100	
Boise .....	70	80	90	50	80	30	80	90	
Boxelder .....	77	100	77	77	100	100	77	100	
Cache .....	86	100	100	100	100	86	*	100	
Carbon .....	50	38	38	25	50	13	25	62	
Cassia .....	60	100	60	80	80	68	*	100	
Cottonwood .....	30	80	80	80	80	80	60	80	
Deseret .....	17	50	42	68	60	50	50	34	
Duchesne .....	40	30	20	23	40	30	40	70	
East Jordan .....	55	73	64	73	82	73	*	55	
Emery .....	11	56	44	56	56	33	56	67	
Ensign .....	30	100	100	100	100	100	75	100	
Franklin .....	55	91	73	73	73	65	100	100	
Freemont .....	72	100	57	72	100	86	86	100	
Garfield .....	48	48	41	41	33	37	87	48	
G Granite .....	10	10	80	80	100	50	100	100	
Grant .....	43	87	68	68	73	77	77	79	
Gunnison .....	68	82	68	58	68	58	100	100	
Hollywood .....	73	100	82	37	82	82	37	100	
Idaho Falls .....	27	100	90	80	90	90	90	90	
Jual .....	40	80	80	80	80	80	80	80	
Kanab .....	50	67	33	33	67	17	100	83	
Kolob .....	67	83	33	33	67	60	*	67	
Liberty .....	83	75	100	100	100	75	*	100	
Logan .....	55	82	91	91	91	55	45	55	
Los Angeles .....	50	70	50	80	80	60	100	100	
Lynnar .....	33	60	33	33	33	17	50	67	
Malad .....	12	62	62	62	75	62	62	75	
Maricopa .....	60	80	90	70	90	100	100	88	
Maynard .....	50	100	100	100	88	88	88	100	
Minidoka .....	13	37	13	25	25	50	62	62	
Mospe .....	44	56	54	54	73	67	100	100	
Montpelier .....	64	61	40	54	54	23	23	61	
Morgan .....	37	87	25	60	50	37	*	80	
Moroni .....	100	100	60	60	60	60	80	100	
Mt. Ogden .....	60	100	100	100	100	60	100	100	
North Davis .....	100	100	100	100	100	82	82	100	
North Sanpete .....	20	80	100	100	80	100	100	80	
North Weber .....	15	36	50	28	67	21	4*	78	
Ogden .....	73	84	82	73	81	82	82	81	
Onedis .....	46	55	64	46	64	37	82	78	
Oquirrh .....	100	100	100	100	100	60	83	100	
Palmyra .....	58	89	89	73	67	55	89	78	
Panguitch .....	17	17	33	17	17	17	17	33	
Parowan .....	30	70	60	50	60	50	50	60	
Pioneer .....	70	90	90	100	40	100	100	100	
Pocahontas .....	10	90	40	90	90	90	90	90	
Portneuf .....	25	25	100	37	25	37	50	66	
Raft River .....	17	66	33	33	33	50	60	66	
Rigby .....	36	50	46	30	57	43	64	84	
Roosevelt .....	40	70	50	40	50	30	20	90	
*Salt Lake .....	38	92	100	69	76	76	*	100	
*San Juan .....	33	67	67	67	67	83	33	67	
San Luis .....	100	67	67	67	67	67	34	100	
Sevier .....	67	100	83	80	100	50	100	100	
Sharon .....	15	30	39	46	39	15	6	100	
Shelley .....	55	67	67	55	73	85	100	78	
Snowflake .....	20	60	67	30	60	30	40	60	
South Davis .....	50	100	100	85	100	100	25	60	
So. Sevier .....	61	61	50	50	73	25	61	91	
*Star Valley .....	9	55	64	27	45	64	82	91	
Summit .....	8	41	28	28	41	41	41	68	
Taylor .....	50	100	100	100	100	100	60	80	
Teton .....	54	54	27	80	100	100	60	80	
Timpanogos .....	53	100	67	100	100	84	100	100	
Tintic .....	50	100	75	50	100	50	50	100	
Tooele .....	56	56	56	56	56	67	56	56	
Twin Falls .....	60	60	60	20	60	60	100	60	
Utah .....	60	60	50	30	40	50	100	60	
*Wasatch .....	23	89	85	86	85	78	89	78	
Wayne .....	50	100	83	17	87	87	*	83	
West .....	45	67	73	73	73	84	*	100	
*West Jordan .....	85	85	85	78	61	48	*	100	
Woodruff .....	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	
*Yellowstone .....	40	90	50	80	80	50	100	50	
Young .....	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	
Zion Park .....	40	100	60	25	80	40	60	100	
California Mission .....	21	30	18	3	18	33	33	36	
Canadian Mission .....	20	40	40	20	20	20	20	20	
Central States Mission .....	25	45	20	15	5	10	40	40	
Eastern States Mission .....	54	54	6	11	16	16	16	30	
Northern States Mission .....	97	25	12	6	6	19	30	30	

\*One ward to hold Gold and Green Ball February 10.

\*Two wards not holding meetings.

\*Ten wards participated in three one-act play projects.

\*One Gold and Green Ball to be held in February.

\*One ward holding Gold and Green Ball in February.

\*Several wards holding Gold and Green Ball in February.

\*One ward conference held joint night.

\*West Jordan Ward has completed its 75% Era quota.

\*Four wards have no Gleaner class; five no Junior; three no Bee-Hive.

\*Stake Event.

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We wired you today that Miss Wilma Peters has qualified for our Accuracy Award as a result of text written a few days ago and it is with a great deal of pleasure that we award this young lady, as a result of her extraordinary accomplishment and with our compliments, a new Remington No. 12. Such an unusual start as a student anticipates extraordinary accomplishments when she enters the field of business. We are asking our Salt Lake Office to present the machine to Miss Peters. Again congratulating you and the winner, etc."

This makes a total of twenty-four typewriters won by students and teachers of Henager's Business College for speed and accuracy.

The school has had the largest winter enrollment in its history. The classes are so arranged that new students may enroll at any time and progress just as rapidly as their application and ability will permit. Visitors are always welcome and inquiries cheerfully answered. Positions are obtained for graduates as soon as their course is completed.—Adv.



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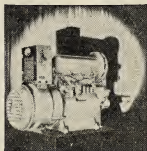
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## Out of the Burning

(Continued from page 331)

the assurance she wanted. Echo had not really fainted.

AS soon as James was safely in court and Portia had gone for her riding lesson, Echo hurried to Eunice. She had not been permitted to enter the house since the death of the old judge.

"You dared to come!" cried Eunice. "He said you could not come."

"He said so, but I said nothing," Echo displayed a spirit hitherto foreign to her nature. "Show me the clothes, Eunice. Hurry! My baby! My Pamela!"

ALTERNATELY crying and laughing, verging on hysterics, Echo identified the tiny clothes. "Look, Eunice, here is the embroidery I spoiled. See how I bungled the French knots. And the basting thread is still in the back of the bonnet. And the locket! I tied blue silk on Portia's and pink on Pamela's, to tell them apart without opening them. O she is our child! Tell me, Eunice; honest; is she all right? Has she been maimed or abused? Let me see her!"

"She is asleep. Perhaps she is so weary she will sleep all day. Be quiet and do not cry out. If she wakens, ask no questions. She has suffered privations. She has never been sheltered like Portia. She has been living there in Crow's Nest all the time. Will you remember to be quiet?"

Echo gulped and nodded. Together they tiptoed into the big bedroom.

A still little form lay in the bed, the face in marked contrast to the white pillows. Grimy, hardened hands protruded from the voluminous sleeves of the overlarge gown. A foot stuck out from the covers, revealing a misshapen toenail.

"She was barefooted and carried these shoes," whispered Eunice.

ECHO gazed at the sleeping child as if determined to impress her features upon her own

mind forever. Then the sleeper stirred and muttered, "I's too weary ter hoe thet thar corn. Them rows is so long." Echo, unable to longer control her emotions, fled to the lower floor. There she sank into a rocker and wept, much as Cassy had done, back in the cabin on the mountain side.

"My baby! My baby!" she cried. "Her poor little rough hands!"

"Last night she talked about carrying water and shelling corn," added Eunice.

"Something has hurt her foot," sobbed Echo.

"She did not know what a night gown was for," added Eunice, shedding a few tears on her own account.

"Those awful shoes!" wailed Echo. "All she had. You ought to see Portia's closet floor! Silver and gold pumps for dancing, mules for mornings, oxfords for school, tennis shoes, hiking boots and riding boots! O Eunice, how unfair life has been. The one receiving too much; the other too little. Portia has never had an unfilled wish. Already she is spoiled and disobedient!"

"But she is here, Echo; you can overcome those physical differences."

ECHO gazed in silence for a few moments at the display of infantile proof of parentage. "James is so stubborn he will never admit he could have been wrong," she finally added. "He will never own her as his child. Portia will never own her as a sister, she is too selfish to share."

"I will keep her, Echo."

"Yes, keep her," Echo's submission was her old self, choosing the path of least resistance. "She will be far happier with you than with me, for they won't ever recognize her. I have a small annuity from my grandmother, Eunice. I will bring it to you for her. Educate her; clothe her; make her beautiful, more beautiful than Portia. Then they will want her."

"If I take her, I will keep her." Eunice Harrison could be fully as determined as her brother when occasion demanded. "I will not educate a child, remold her, only to give her up. If James does not want his child when she is forlorn and pitiful, then he cannot

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have her when the transformation is complete. I will name her Curly Harrison for the present. When she chooses, she can assume her rightful name."

"You and I together, Eunice, will make up to her for what she has been denied!"

"We will bring her out of the burning, clear, perfect china," Eunice quoted solemnly. "She will be a stronger character for her privations, a better woman than her pampered sister!"

TWO days later Portia Harrison, followed by the long-suffering, ever present governess, sauntered past the court house. A party of country folks were getting out of an ancient white top. A young girl was wearing a gorgeous red shawl and a long blue ribbon bound up her hair. Portia, impelled by curiosity over the vehicle, stopped to gaze at it.

"Look, Dawson," she called with her customary abruptness, "Aren't they funny? The queerest ever! They might have come out of King Tut's tomb!"

"Really, Miss Portia, it is not kind to make remarks about people's appearances. Perhaps they cannot afford better. If—"

"Sermon enough," interrupted Portia. "Look at the woman's teeth!"

THE mountain girl had been returning Portia's stare. Now she nudged the older woman and called, "Ma, look, it's Curly!"

The woman turned quickly, her

face broke into a wide smile and she ran toward Portia, with a wide gesture of embrace.

"Curly! My least one!" she cried, as the girl added, "Curly, I'm agettin' married ter Abe!"

PORTIA Harrison, the immaculate, the overdrawn, the self assured, was embarrassed at this sudden show of affection. She retreated to the shelter of Miss Dawson whom she usually ignored.

"Curly," pleaded the mountain woman, "don't youns know ma?"

"Madam, you are mistaken," said Miss Dawson with dignity. "This is the daughter of Judge Harrison." They hastened away but the mountain woman stood gazing after them as if transfixed, while the girl beside her continued to stare and call. "Did youns see her purty clothes, ma? Weuns never knowed Curly war thet purty! Bud will be proud ter know Curly's thet grand!"

CASSY continued to stare until Steve Turner pulled her gently and whispered, "Weuns gotter tend ter Millie, Ma. Thet war the tother least one!"

And Portia Harrison, hastening homeward at a gait that taxed her companion, spoke repugnantly: "Why did those horrid people speak to me? Who is this Curly they talked about? Oh, Dawson, if I had teeth like that I would die of chagrin!"

(To be continued)

## Every Home Needs a Flower Garden

(Continued from page 324)

to us, in beauty, a thousandfold.

Flowering shrubs and evergreens mask the ugly foundations of the man-made house in loveliness, and vines drape the drab walls with living leafiness. A stretch of emerald green sward, reaching all around to the perennial borders with their complements of spring, flowering bulbs and gay annual flowers, makes of the poorest and meanest home a heaven on earth.

Let us have roses everywhere. Let us delight in the lupines and larkspurs that lift their azure stems heavenward. Let us drink bless-

ings from the cups of the tulips, and peace from the breath of honeysuckle. Let us start a flower garden this year, and discover with the poet:

"No lily-muffled hum of summer  
bee

But finds some coupling with  
the spinning stars:

No pebble at your foot, but  
proves a sphere;

Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire  
with God;

But only he who knows takes  
off his shoes."

## Stampeded

(Continued from page 344)

at the place where first she had met Lawrence, and which since then had become their favorite rendezvous. She sat quietly waiting, and the longer she waited the harder it seemed for her to go back. Cars passed. Some stopped at the cabin for a time and then continued on. How many remained she could not say. Dinner time came and went. She must return in time to see him but not yet awhile. The sun slowly sank leaving disconsolate shadows to creep up the valley, ascending higher and higher until they embraced the peaks above her. Twilight deepened and the night came on stealthily. She simply must go back. There was someone coming down the trail. It was Lawrence Davis. She heaved a sigh of relief. How glad she was to see him. His very presence gave her strength and courage.

"So here you are," he said. "I thought perhaps I would find you here."

"I'm so glad to see you, Lawrence," she exclaimed.

"And I you," he replied. Then after a pause he said rather huskily, "Hazel, I have come to say goodbye."

"Goodbye?" she gasped.

"Does it matter much to you?"

"Why, I—I—I can't—"

HE took her hands in his. "It rests with you whether it shall be a temporary or a permanent farewell."

Suddenly he seized her in his arms. "Dearest," he breathed, "I love you, I adore you. You mean so much to me that I cannot live here longer and have our relationship remain as it is. But, if you care for me I should return to you though I were at the end of the earth."

It had come. What could she do? Slowly she disengaged herself. "I—I—honestly I can't say, Lawrence. Sometimes I think it's you I love and sometimes I think it's Dr. Ludlow."

"Dr. Ludlow!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't aware that you even knew him."

"It's silly, I know, but please don't laugh at me. I—I don't know him. Never saw him in my

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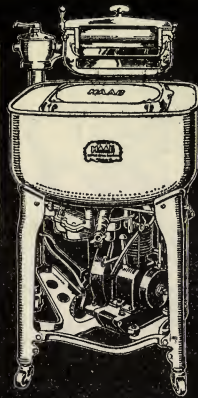
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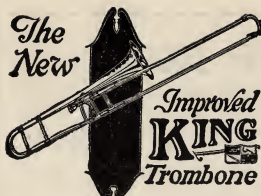
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life but—but I have heard so much of him—thought so much about him, that I have wondered—”

THERE was the prolonged honking of a horn upon the dugway.

“I must go. Dearest, can’t you give me an answer before I leave?”

She remained silent holding to his arm with shaking hands.

“Then goodbye. I must go.” Reluctantly he disengaged himself and started away.

“Lawrence!” she sobbed.

He was back at her side in an instant, holding her in his arms. She raised her tear-stained face and looked up at him miserably. “Oh, Lawrence, I can’t say. I can’t say. What shall I do?”

“It’s all right,” he said chokingly. “I can’t blame you. Here is my new address and here is this morning’s paper containing an item which explains the reason for my abrupt departure. When you have had time to know what your feelings are toward me, please write. If you want me I shall come back to you. Oh, how gladly I shall come back.” He bent and kissed her and was gone.

SHE sank to her knees clutching the paper and address convulsively in her hands. “Father in Heaven, help me to know,” she prayed. After a time she felt calmer and rising made her way back to the cabin. She let herself in at the back door and went noiselessly to her room. After lighting a lamp she looked in the mirror and stared at her reflection in dismay. What a sight she was; dress wrinkled, hair disheveled, eyes red and swollen. Hastily she removed as much of the damage as possible and then stepped into the living room. Her parents were conversing quietly. No one else was in sight.

“Why, where is he—where is Dr. Ludlow?” she asked with concern.

“He had to leave a short time ago in order to catch a train for the East. But where on earth have you been? We were getting quite worried about you.”

She could not answer. A huge lump arose in her throat and she beat a hasty retreat to her room to hide her emotions. It was too much; Lawrence had left without

her being able to tell him to come back, and now Dr. Ludlow had gone without her even getting to see him. Well, it had been her own fault. She had acted like a fool from start to finish. All she could do now was to pay the price. Throwing herself on the bed she buried her face in the pillows to drown her sobs.

“Anything the matter, Hazel?” asked her mother at the door.

WITH an effort she controlled herself sufficiently to say, “No, Mother. Just reading.” She snatched up the paper Lawrence had given her to make good her pretense. On the very front page a picture of Mr. Davis appeared in bold relief while just beneath—she stared incredulously. Suddenly her overstrained nerves snapped and she went off into peal after peal of hysterical laughter. Her mother rushed in. “Why, Hazel, whatever is the matter?” she cried as she seized her by the shoulders and shook her vigorously.

“Why—why just look at that,” screamed Hazel, pointing at the picture. “Isn’t it killing?”

“I don’t see anything the matter with it,” replied Mrs. March.

“You don’t?” and Hazel was off into another paroxysm of laughter. “Just read below. It—it says that it’s Dr. Ludlow.”

Mrs. March took her in her arms. “Hazel, dear, it is Dr. Ludlow. Mr. Davis was merely an assumed name.”

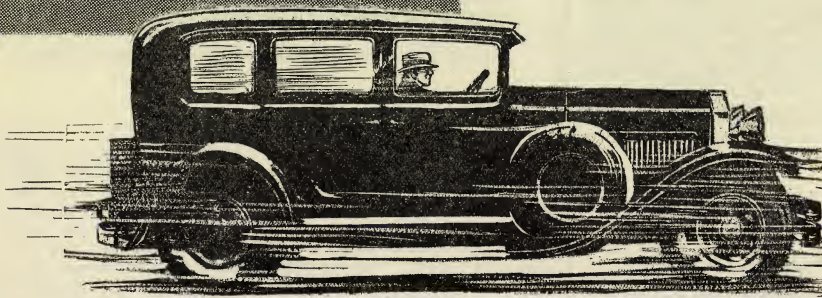
“But—but why should he do that?” Hazel asked, sobering.

“He did it only at our suggestion. Though before I explain I want to ask you a question. Do you love him?”

FOR a time she was silent, striving for adjustment. Mr. Davis: handsome, chivalrous, clever, affectionate; and Dr. Ludlow: successful, distinguished, sought after; all wrapped into one. It scarcely seemed possible it came so near being her ideal. Finally she said: “I’m afraid I almost worship him. But, Mother dear, whatever made you do it?”

“My dear child, it seemed the only way we could stampede you into a future of happiness.”

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# Mutual Work---Continued

## Executive Officers

### DATES OF DIVISION CONTESTS

- Division 8—Monday, May 19th—at Richfield—Sevier Stake in Charge.
- Division 7—Tuesday May 20th—at Spanish Fork—Palmyra Stake in Charge.
- Division 6—Thursday, May 22nd—at Brigham City—Boxelder Stake in Charge.
- Division 5—Saturday, May 24th—at Preston—Oneida-Franklin Stakes in Charge.
- Division 4—Monday, May 26th—at Pocatello—Pocatello Stake in Charge.
- Division 3—Thursday, June 5th—Salt Lake City—General Board in Charge.
- Division 2—General Board in Charge.
- Division 1—Wednesday, May 28th—at Salt Lake City—Liberty Stake in Charge.
- General Board will send judges for Division meets if desired.

## A Gleaner Message

CONTRIBUTING to the honor and happiness of our home is probably the greatest sheaf we have ever attempted to gather and find.

Do our Gleaner leaders con this year's sheaf? Are we filled with the interest and enthusiasm necessary to stimulate each girl to be an attractive Gleaner in her home—to be a Ruth of today?

If we can impress her with the fearlessness to assert herself in the presence of temptation and questionable impulses, to do that which she knows to be right, the honor

of her home will be protected. If we can impress her to do all in her power to make the home a delight to the members of her family, happiness will be there, but happiness cannot exist where there is no honor. For true honor, men and women have unhesitatingly died and the root of it all is courage, the fearlessness to assert one's self when faith abides in her that she is right. Surely the glory of Latter-day Saint homes can remain unblemished, if this message of fearlessness, if right can be injected into the hearts of our girls.

## Pocatello North Ward on Honor Roll

THE Pocatello North Ward must be placed on the honor roll, having sent to the General Office its quota of

100% Life Memberships. The workers there are to be congratulated.



IF IT'S  
DONE  
WITH  
HEAT



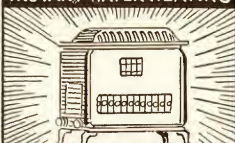
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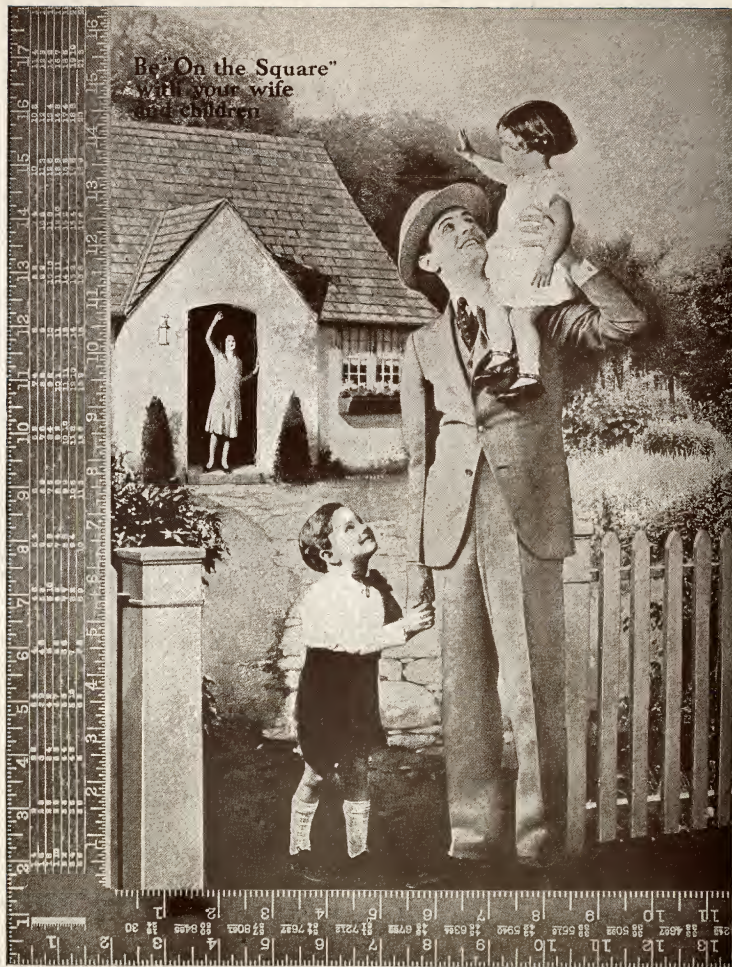
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